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LOVE'S ARROW.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Over a sea of silver stars,
Darting across the blue of night,
Swift as the bright electric cars,
A youthful spirit took its flight,
Feasting its gaze
On the gentle maze—
And then its quick eyes earthward turned
To a cot where a low light burned.

Within this cot, on the cushioned floor,
A lover knelt to his lady fair,
And though she heark'd to his ardent pour
Of words, he saw no promise there.
All hope seemed dead,
And passion dead—
Despair was in his tortured breast,
And why this scene, the spirit guess'd.

Silently came the child of air,
Into the cot where the lover knelt,
Where the young girl so proud and fair,
Never the baits of love had felt,
And bent his bow,
And sent a throe
Of love into that heart so cold,
Weaving its bliss like threads of gold.

'Twas soul in soul and lip to lip,
The lovers dreamed the hours o'er,
With smiles and many a nectared sip
Of joys that were denied no more.
And while the pair
Sat whispering there,
The glorious spirit winged its flight
Again on its journey through the night.

Madame Durand's Proteges;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME.

A DESOLATE wilderness of a place, closed in around by Pennsylvania hills, which mocked its title of Fairview Glen. The village was long and narrow, the heights precipitous, broken and dangerous. The hillsides were covered with thick growths of somber, scrubby pines, with silver birches, oaks, and chestnuts, mingling sparsely in the heavy foliage.

Fairview village straggled in irregular line, its squat houses clinging fast in notches and declines, with a couple of tolerably accurate streets lying in the level stretch which bordered the deep, rock-bound, noisy creek, that gurgled complacently through unseen ravines, and twisted like a snake through the dark ravines.

At the top of the glen, a mile or more from Fairview, was a granite-built manse where dwelt Madame Durand, whose sterile yet withal profitable possessions extended for miles on every side.

A pedestrian was clambering up the footpath which led by a more direct route than the winding road to the manse. A little wiry man, well past middle age, with grizzled hair sleekly combed, and a cadaverous countenance, which would have worn a decidedly dyspeptic look but for the glimmer of cheery good-humor expressed in the bright blue eyes which time had in no wise dimmed. He had a quick, nervous motion which betrayed the working of a restless mind, and accompanied the soliloquy he was indulging in by gesticulating, and checking off the points he mentally decided with a lean forefinger on the palm of the opposite hand.

"One—two—three," he counted. "Yes, positively three times that Madame Durand has sent for me in hot haste within a week. First to make an extension of Winston's lease, as though my time were of no value that I should employ it in trotting up this mountain-side for merely that! Then, to have me go quietly over the books of that young agent she has taken to the manse of late, and right glad I am to be rid of the charge of rents and taxes she has saddled on him. No use of my trouble, either; the young fellow is open and honest as the day. Not a flaw in his accounts and the books perfect; couldn't keep them better myself. I only wish the other *protege*—the one she has planted in my office against my wish and will, I'll confess—had something like his method and application.

"Mighty queer woman is the madame! A bed of quicksand, a deceitful sea, a cat's paw in a velvet case, when she's smiling; a small tornado, a fire-spitting volcano, when her ire's roused. I'm the only man in the village that's not afraid of her, I believe, always excepting my young law-student, and he would face St. Michael himself. A reckless lad that, and not bound for much good, I doubt me."

The wiry little lawyer paused to take breath and to shake his head ominously, but continued his soliloquy when he pursued his walk again.

"And now what the madame may want is beyond my guess. Some fool's errand, I dare say. The woman will take no advice, so there's scarcely a hope she will attend to the one matter that, if I had my way, should be a nightmare to her till it is done. Does she expect to live as long as Methuselah, I wonder?"

He passed through a side gate into the grounds belonging immediately to the manse.

A couple of flats in the form of terraces, which occupied the space in front of the building, were crowded with flower-beds of fantastic shape, with white-pebbled walks twisting like shiny-scaled serpents between.

It was one of the madame's whims to dispense with right-angles; so beds and walks formed a complication of curves



"We are both beauties, but there's no reason why we should be rivals on that account."

curious to witness. A stretch of turf lawn on one side was separated by a low, well-trimmed hedge from the sharp decline of the mountain-side, on the other, orchards of various fruits deepened into a grove of the native forest trees.

The house was built of solid granite blocks, with a round tower rising on the northern side. Two square facades, facing the west, were separated by a smaller square like an unclosed court. This was approached by a half-dozen granite steps, and was paved with alternate squares of black and gray. Three or four great entrance-doors opened upon a piazza which encircled this court.

Madame Durand had divested the whole front of a grim, formidable aspect by filling the open square with growing plants. Oleander trees in immense boxes, prickly cacti, and glossy-leaved orange trees, well protected from searching winds; geraniums and running vines in huge porphyry vases; vivid mosses and feathery ferns springing from the crevices of two miniature pyramids composed of unique specimens of the native rocks.

With scarcely a glance about him, the lawyer walked briskly up to one of the entrance-doors, and plied the knocker on the heavy oaken panel.

He was ushered in by a dignified, white-haired servant-man, who boasted of having spent the greater part of his life in the service of the Durands. He was shown into an octagonal room, furnished with solid antique wood and brocatel, darkened and worn by the usage of half a century. Square casements, where the tiny panes had been replaced by double sheets of plate-glass, were partially obscured by painted shades. Pots of rose-geranium filled a recess, pervading the room with their fragrance.

The lawyer was standing still in the center of the room when the sharp ring of a case in an uncarpeted side corridor made itself heard, and a door swung open to admit Madame Durand.

A grotesque little figure, straight and lithe, though the weight of seventy years rested upon it. The door clanged behind her, and the madame stood with her hands clasped over the top of her ebony stick, her

face turned scrutinizingly toward her visitor.

A remarkable face it was, too. Oval and rounded as a girl's, with a skin rich in texture as the leaf of a calla lily, but yellowed and wrinkled; a mouth that was firm to obstancy, with a satirical expression lurking in the corners which betrayed little of philanthropic views; and jet-black, twinkling eyes, piercing as a hawk's.

Madame's wrinkled little hands sparkled with brilliant, and long, glittering pendants drooped from her ears. Her dress was a purple brocade, cut after the fashion of a half-century ago; the square bodice was filled with lace, yellow as the madame's own mellowed complexion. A slender chain of gold and jet encircled her neck, suspending a cross composed of the same materials.

The lawyer stared at her stupidly, evidently unaccustomed to such magnificence. Madame laughed; hers had been a musical laugh once, years ago, but it was shrill and disjointed in its triumphant cadence now.

"A very good day to you, Mr. Thancroft," she cried, in a high-pitched, vivacious tone. "Good gracious, man, what has come over you? You are speechless as a mute and staring as an owl. Fortunately that I'm not easily disconcerted, now, isn't it?"

The lawyer bowed low, and muttered an apology as he placed her a chair.

"Ah, say nothing, say nothing," interrupted madame, graciously, waving him to a seat near her. "I see exactly how it is. You are surprised to see such a butterfly emerge from the chrysalis of my old black velvet and close cap. You didn't know I could grace the Durand jewels still with any sort of dignity. Truth to tell, I doubted it, too, and decked myself sparingly, lest I might appear like a death's head arrayed for the banquet. I am gratified; I am back in my old element again. I say to myself, 'Bless, madame! your old power has not yet gone from you.' Almost like the great Alexander, I sigh that there are no more fields to win, no more foes to conquer. First, I quelled those who opposed me; then I conquered myself; and now, is it not pitiful? I have no one to sympathize with me in

my new taste of the old familiar grandeur."

She spread out her hands, with their load of glittering stones. The pride of the Durands was like a great spreading tree, and two particular branches, which madame delighted in, were her pride of her own well-preserved comeliness, and of the Durand jewels, which were noted for their magnificence.

The lawyer met her half-mocking glance with one of quiet research.

Madame's moods were so chameleon-like he was puzzled often to know how much sincerity her words contained.

"Whose fault is it that you have not one closely allied, who would joy with you or sorrow with you—who would add pleasure to your happiness, and comfort you in grief?"

"My own, perhaps," returned madame, complacently. "You don't suppose that I would submit to that much interference from another quarter, Mr. Thancroft?"

"Madame," burst forth the lawyer, impetuously, "you have warned me to silence on this subject more than once, but I will speak now; I will follow out my own view of duty by urging you to do justice to your own kin, at risk of all the friendship and interest that are between us. Our own claims are quits! You are a good friend to me. I am a good ally to you—neither is hidden beyond individual inclination. Heaven knows, if I have any influence with you I have striven faithfully to throw it into the balance in behalf of the boy who comes of your blood, and who is a floating waif somewhere, on the cold charity of the world for all I know, or any one else but you. You, madame, are unjustly holding him out of his own; you admitted once that you have kept him in ignorance of his own origin, his true sphere, his rightful inheritance. Have you no natural affection that your indifference must reach beyond the grave to the innocent offspring, whose sole offense was, after all, a slight one?"

"Madame, let me implore you, do not disregard the duty which devolves upon you. Do justice to your son's son if you would escape the rackings of remorse when it is too late."

Twice madame had essayed to check his tumultuous flow of words, and now she raised her ebony stick, stamping it angrily upon the floor.

"Ah, presumption!" she cried, sibilantly. "Another word and I will have you turned away from my door. I will disgrace you; I will take from you my patronage; I will unmake you as I have made you. Oh, ingratitude! you—you to dictate to me. No more—no more!"

She half-rose in her chair, gesticulating violently, and quivering with indignation.

"I can say nothing more, madame. What can I hope to gain by it if no impulse of your heart responds to my appeal?"

"Heart!" cried madame. "You speak of hearts! What do you expect me to care for hearts when I glory in having none? Bah! I suffered enough before I rid myself of the troublesome incubance. I have an organ answering to the demands of actual life and perfect health. I have a brain and a will not to be blunted by any pettifogger. I have a digestion, a very good digestion, and so keep in cheerful tone. But of heart, as you define it, I have none, thank Heaven!"

"I trust you deceive yourself, madame."

"What! would you have me racked by tortures, torn by grief, consumed by inward fires? The remembrance of what I endured sets me aflame, but having no heart, I have no pain, and dismiss it, so!"

She extended her hands, palms outward, and sunk back into her seat, suddenly calm.

"You should not provoke me to anger," she said. "I can't afford to quarrel with you, and you know it. There, there! I sent for you in the way of business."

"To make your will, madame?"

"My will!" shrieked Madame Durand, shivering and shaking her stick at him menacingly. "Do you want me to die, man? Ah, you would like to be appointed sole executor; you would like a mourning-ring, and a well-stocked farm, and a set of silver plate, as kind remembrances. My will! People always die after they make their wills."

"Sometimes they die before," suggested the lawyer, maliciously.

"What pity!" retorted madame. "Then honest lawyers lose their fees."

"A truce to quabbling," said Mr. Thancroft. "Come to your point, madame. Let us not waste time to no purpose."

"Truly, a man's way of covering a retreat," scoffed madame. "Cowards—traitors, all of them. I wonder you are not ashamed of your sex, Mr. Thancroft."

"Business, madame, business!"

"Very well, then," Madame metamorphosed in a moment. She caressed her jeweled hands, looking placidly before her.

"You wondered at seeing me without my somber attire. Do so no longer; I have determined to inaugurate a new state of affairs here at the manse. I shall turn another leaf in my book of life, Mr. Thancroft."

"I want more vitality in the house. What would you say to introducing a younger generation?"

He regarded her with inquiring interest, but silently inclining his head, awaited her further explanation.

"I have learned that there are two young girls of the Durand blood, coming of another distinct branch but distantly allied to me, both poor and obscure. I want them looked up and brought here to be provided for at my expense. Who knows but I may conclude to make one of them my heir-ess?"

"Madame!" ejaculated the lawyer, aghast.

"Hold your peace then, and let me alone to follow my own course. What I want of you is to find those girls and bring them here to me. Erne will give you my written instructions. Good-morning to you, Mr. Thancroft."

Madame Durand dismissed him abruptly with a peremptory wave of her jeweled hand.

And the lawyer, going slowly out through the little court, shook his head and muttered to himself in a very dissatisfied way.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME'S PROTEGES.

A young man lounged on the bank of the noisy little creek, with fishing-tackle lying idle beside him. Inert and listless as he seemed, with half-closed eyes and lazy attitude, he did not look like a vapid dreamer.

His features were straight and regular, with the low, broad brow and short curving upper lip seldom seen except in statuary. His collar was thrown open, exposing his neck like a white, strong column. His hair was brown, glistened with bronze, and lay in short waves about a head which, in its perfect classic outlines, might have served as a model of some Greek god.

Nature is neither stint nor mercenary in her good gifts; she does not bestow lavishly on any one class or station. Judged by his personal endowments this young man, handsome as Apollo Belvidere, might have been taken for a prince of the blood; yet he was only Lucian Ware, Mr. Thancroft's law-student.

He half turned his head as a step came down the rocky pathway and was deadened on the thick turf of the bank where he lay, but seeing the new-comer made no further change of his position.

"You, Valere?" he said, with a yawn.

"I thought it might be old Thancroft's shadow—North, you know. Such a spooner, so devoted to the interests of the office as he has it. Unnecessarily honest and deucedly vexatious to toe the mark after his style, I say. I gave him the slip to-day, after the boss was off, and got here for a little quiet enjoyment."

"Which? I have interrupted, I suppose. Did you hear me in your dreams, or were n't you asleep?"

"I was thinking how blank North will look when he finds his old musty documents uncopied. Madame deserves my grateful thanks no doubt, but I wish she had found me a more agreeable berth than Thancroft's snugger."

"It was your own choice, if I remember."

"Hobson's choice, you mean. There was no alternative presented."

"The professions were all open to you."

"One is good as another," returned Ware. "I hate drudgery, and the professions are made of it. Look at the boss, for instance; he is nothing more than an animated machine to carry out the whims of other people. What pleasure does he find in such a narrow existence, think you?"

"The consciousness of being of use to his fellow-man, perhaps."

"Stuff! We are beyond the age of Quixotic enterprises, my dear fellow, and just as far ahead of such philanthropic actions as you would ascribe. Of course Thancroft don't realize his own littleness, but a man with a soul above trifles could never content himself while so prescribed."

"Meaning the illustration to apply to yourself."

"Exactly. Think of me writing out cases or dancing attendance to the madame's will. Fough!"

"Is not that an unfortunate view to take of it? How do you reconcile the application of your life and labor with such discontent?"

"I don't pretend to," returned Ware.

The other, a young man of apparently about Ware's own age, which scarcely exceeded two-and-twenty, leaned against the trunk of a neighboring birch tree, gazing thoughtfully down into the stream below. He was taller, heavier and darker than his handsome companion, but his countenance was prepossessing, and his appearance that of a well-bred gentleman. His name was Erne Valere, and he was the youthful agent whom Madame Durand had latterly employed to the relief of Mr. Thancroft, who had hitherto been burdened by the sole charge of all the business. The young man's office was onerous without accruing much of honor; he kept the accounts of a half-dozen farms scattered at some distance further up the mountain; of the cattle and produce each yielded for they were sterile lands fit for little except pasturage. Madame had grown rich from them, however, so steady had been the success of her speculations in stock-raising.

These two young men were her proteges! Madame was eccentric even in her charities, and while it was supposed that she had some deeper reason than mere beneficence in seeing them educated and provided for, her real motive—if she had a concealed one, had not been unveiled from obscurity.

Erne Valere had apartments at the manse since his entrance upon his new duties, and received his instructions generally from Madame herself. But, apart from these business interviews, he received neither courtesy nor observation from Madame except on stated occasions, when the two young men were invited together to dine with their patroness. Each had received the customary notification upon the morning of the day, some two weeks subsequent to the interview chronicled between the madame and her lawyer.

Lucian Ware lay upon the turf bank plucking idly at the blades of grass, but as his companion displayed no inclination to break the silence which had fallen between them, he addressed him again petulantly.

"Are you taking your turn at dreaming now, Valere? A pretty one to preach morality of action—*you*?"

"I have not yet done so, but I would assuredly if I thought my words would have effect."

"Spare yourself; I have been following the bent of your mind. It is a very transparent mask that you wear."

"You are acute at reading human nature."

"I don't find much good in it then to reward me for the study; though if I did I would scarcely follow it. I detest you men of earnest minds if they have no devilry in them."

Ware was cynical, to an extent painful in one so young. Selfishness and egotism were his leading characteristics, but were toned not unpleasantly to the general sight by a fastidiousness of taste which covered the glaring conspicuity of his faults.

"I wish you were not so skeptical, Lucian," said Erne, concernedly. "You rob your life of much that would be pleasant in it but for that distrust of mankind—youself inclusive—you so persistently cling to."

"You mistake," interrupted Ware. "I do not distrust myself. I have the utmost confidence in my own capacity for either good or evil; I wonder if it is a perversion of nature that I incline to the latter. I think I could take a kind of supreme satisfaction in knowing myself bad to the very core, not one of your coarse, bloodthirsty ruffians, but a gentlemanly scoundrel who could smile and smile and be a villain still."

"Then, don't look so shocked, Valere; I haven't compassed my ambition yet, what ever I may do in time."

"You speak recklessly, Lucian. Life is too full of glorious possibilities for such a satire on it as you picture, and should not be viewed in the way you see it. The indulgence of these vague dreams is a profitless way of spending idle time."

"Stolen time, my good Erne; stolen to indulge this very profitless amusement. Doubtless you think I am wasting the precious dust of time to my own irretrievable loss, but you should remember that striking instances of genius have developed from unexpected sources. I will make a bold stroke some day which shall leave me lord of the caste, recognized in even our republican land."

"Take care, my lord, that your castle does not tumble about your ears, provided any thing so unsubstantial as air can be demolished."

"I might have known you would have no sympathy with my aspirations."

"All worthy aspirations claim my sympathy."

"Fair in my sight, foul in yours, perhaps. To change the subject, you have been bidden to the feast to-night, I suppose."

"Yes; Madame has extended the customary invitation."

"Not quite, for this is an extra occasion. Have you never learned the art of putting two and two together?"

"I fail to comprehend."

"Have you been made acquainted with Madame's latest whim? She is not content with sheltering you and I beneath her motherly wing, but has hunted up a couple of poverty-stricken female relatives to share our favor. Don't I hope they may be gushing girls of the period whose boisterous proclivities shall make the madame rue her assumed responsibility? Old Thancroft was in high dudgeon, and betrayed more of the matter than he was authorized to do, I imagine."

"Then do not repeat the information you chanced to gain, Lucian. You should respect the wishes of our patroness, even though her commands do not weigh upon you."

"You are too conscientious by half, Erne. There is nothing secret in what I have heard—nothing but you might have known had you unbent from your dignity far enough to have questioned the servants at the manse. There, don't look so thunderous, brave champion of morality! No one would suspect you of yielding to such inexcusable curiosity. In your place, I should have sought the madame, and begged to be admitted to her confidence; but then, I am not troubled with your ridiculous scruples."

"These young ladies Madame has unearthed come from some far-away branch of the Durands, yet it is received as a fact already settled, that she intends leaving her wealth to one of them, provided always that she does not veer off on some other tack before deciding which. And that brings me back to my starting-point. Our invitation to dinner to-day will include a presentation to the new acquisition."

"If you are correct, there will be a marked distinction between Madame Durand's prospective heiress and Lucian Ware, the penniless law student, or Erne Valere, Madame's salaried agent."

"Yes; but only one of the young ladies is to become the heiress. Madame has repeatedly declared that the property shall not be separated. They are both equally allied to her, and she will feel bound to provide in some manner for the least fortunate of the two. What easier than to marry her to one of the dependent young men and pension the pair, thus comfortably ridding herself of them? Madame is a deep one in her way, though she isn't apt to consider all the consequences."

"Well, Madame has a right to engineer her own pleasure," remarked Erne. "I must be moving, for I am not quite through for the day."

"Do as I do—slip the traces."

Valere shook his head smilingly.

"That is not my way of doing business, Lucian. Better reconsider, and go back in time to redeem yourself in Mr. Thancroft's opinion."

"I've a notion to astonish North for this one time, not from any ideas of duty, but because I'll have your company on the way."

Valere waited while the other gathered up his unused fishing rod, and adjusted his collar with a hasty twitch.

Ware was not lacking in agility and nimbleness of motion when once roused from his listless attitude. He sprang lightly up the rocky path, and kept easy pace with his companion's quick steps when they reached the winding road.

"If it were not for the trouble, I would be inclined to circumvent Madame at her own game," he said, carelessly, but with a keen side-glance at the other.

"In what manner, pray?"

"By marrying the heiress. Our patroness has not taken that possibility into consideration."

"And you, Lucian, had better drop the contemplation, at least until you have something more than idle surmise to work upon."

They walked on for a little space in utter silence, and then the roll of an approaching carriage drew their attention. It passed them presently, an open phaeton containing two female figures in traveling wraps and close veils, and Mr. Thancroft on the seat with the coachman.

Lucian Ware took off his hat with a flourish, and executed a low bow of mock obeisance after the receding vehicle.

"Welcome to the heiress of all Fairview. May she be subtle enough to propitiate the madame, and possess discrimination to appreciate the worth of your humble servant."

CHAPTER III.

MADAME'S NEW CHARGES.

The phaeton paused before the outer gates, for Madame would have no carriage-way leading through the grounds to the entrance.

The little lawyer clambered down and in his stiff, old-fashioned way, assisted the two girls to alight. They glanced about them, gaining their first impression of their new home, which Mr. Thancroft's customary reticence had not prompted him to describe.

They were ushered together into Madame's presence, in the same octagonal room where we have previously seen her.

Madame wore the purple brocade, the time-dimmed lace, which had been resurrected from winding shrouds of yellowed linen and the funeral depths of cedar chests; the gold and the brilliants which had been brought to light for the first time in years in honor of Madame's newest whim.

She was seated in an arm-chair, which for ungainliness and discomfort was a fair type of the furniture in vogue three generations back. The faded brocade, and quaint carving of its design, were concealed by a cloth of striped purple and gold, finished at the edges by a fringe of gold bullion, which had been thrown completely over it. The gorgeousness of effect was heightened by the immense proportions of the chair, rendering a footstool indispensable. Altogether, it would require no extravagant flight of fancy to imagine Madame a queen enthroned.

She rose as they entered, descending nimbly from her elevated station, and clasping her wrinkled, jeweled hands over the top of her ebony stick, she stood silently regarding them.

The exact little figure in its old-style dress, with head turned to one side, and bright black eyes peering at them with a glance bird-like in its unwavering intensity, presented a picture far as possible from the expectations of the two young girls. In the mental speculations they had indulged regarding the manse and its mistress, each had unconsciously imagined a stately, dignified

dame, a little stern in demeanor and inclined to appear graciously condescending to the new dependants.

The disparity between the vision and the reality disconcerted them for a moment.

"Young ladies—well, young ladies!" spoke Madame's sharp, quick tones. "Where did you take your lessons in civility and etiquette? What do you take me to be—a gnome, or a dragoness, or a creature of ordinary flesh and blood? Mr. Thancroft, in my day the ceremony of introduction was not considered dispensable between parties for the first time met."

Mr. Thancroft apologized, and presented the young ladies in due form as Fay St. Orme and Mirabel Durand.

"Fay? Bah! A babyfied name, but it matches your face," said Madame, to the former. "And you"—turning to the other girl—"you are a Durand. You should be proud as Lucifer, passionate, inconsiderate, foolhardy and daring, to do justice to your descent. There! I see—I see! You carry evidence of your extraction in your face. The Durand pride is flaming there now, and you bear yourself haughtily as though you never toiled fourteen hours in the day as nursery-governess to a pork-merchant's children. It wasn't pleasant, was it, for you, gently born and gingerly reared, though knowing enough of poverty always, to earn your meager bit and sup by suppressing your own inclinations to suit their vulgar exactions?"

"It was intolerable, Madame," replied the girl, briefly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Madame, as though infinitely amused. "And you hoped to better yourself by throwing up the situation and going as subordinate teacher into a day school. Your pride rebelled there again when the principal made love to you, though receiving no more encouragement than a disdainful princess would accord to a presuming subject. Unhappily, there was a fussy Miss Jones who coveted both your truly enviable position in the school and the attentions of the principal. She succeeded in supplanting you."

"I should have resigned at the end of the term had she not done so. I was bound in all honor to stay so long."

"Honor?" cried Madame Durand, jibingly. "Oh, exacting Honor! what crosses it lay upon you! And the Durands are always honorable!"

"Madame!" interrupted Mirabel Durand, with an angry sparkle in her eyes.

"No imputations against your own motives, young lady; but my seventy years may comprise truer knowledge of these Durands than your single score. You left the school. You fell back upon that general resource—that miserable slavery which educated women fly to when left to their own efforts. You gave music lessons, trading your round as regularly and almost as often as the postman himself."

"But persecution had not tired of you yet. You won another admirer, a married man this time, and one as much worse than your pedagogue as the venomous centipede is worse than the repulsive but harmless worm. You fled away from him, fearing the breath of slander which might sully a character pure as spotless snow."

"Madame!" interrupted the girl again, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "It is my misfortune to be poor. If poverty has subjected me to such humiliating trials, at least it has never degraded me. It was at your bidding, and not of my seeking, that I am here. I will not endure the insult of the taunts you heap upon me for all the favor you can show, Madame Durand."

"Yet my favor may be well worth keeping," said Madame, dryly. "I like you, Mirabel Durand, and I admire the spirit you have displayed. There are plenty that would go far to win that much appreciation from me."

Mirabel Durand shot a half-defiant glance at the imperious old woman, but she had wheeled about to face the other young girl, who, with the lawyer, had been a silent witness of the scene.

"You, Fay St. Orme—a ridiculous name—you come of the blood with as straight a lineage as she. Let me see; your father was some cavalry officer."

"Colonel St. Orme."

"By brevet; I remember. Unfortunately he should have died of a vulgar malaria instead of meeting death gloriously on the battle-field. There, I've no reminiscences regarding you. What have you done all your life?"

"I remained at school until a year ago. Since that I have been with mamma at Uncle St. Orme's."

"Humph," said Madame, peering at her in her odd, bird-like fashion. "You have all the modern accomplishments, I suppose. You can dance and play, paint, draw, make feather flowers, and work Chinese puzzles in silk floss? That about comprises a fashionable education, doesn't it?"

Fay, scarcely knowing how to take the madame's admitted that she knew something of these accomplishments.

"And you can flirt, too—dance on men's hearts, nowadays, have plenty of elastic qualities. You're not hard to read, Miss Fay St. Orme. You are shallow and selfish; good-natured, I hope; vain, I know. They are not cardinal sins, and I've a word of warning for you. I'll not have you flirting here, at the manse. I'll not be troubled having the young jackdaws of the neighborhood flocking here, and I'll see if those wonderful attainments of yours can be put to any account."

"Mr. Thancroft, you'll stay to dinner to oblige me. You, young ladies, can retire for a time. We dine precisely at six, and I have a decided aversion to be kept waiting. Milly, Milly Ross—here!"

Madame rapped sharply on the black marble hearth with her ebony stick. The door opened almost instantly, and a quaint figure appeared on the threshold. So small, that at the first glance it seemed the figure of a child; the short, scant skirt exposing a pair of small prim feet made the stature appear even less than it really was. The face was older, belonging to twenty years or more, and was oddly striking in its quiet contour. The skin was transparent and colorless, the lips thin and pale, the eyes of that light-blue which reminds one of the thinnest of well-skimmed milk, the hair of a neutral tint, very fine, and arranged in the smoothest of tiny close braids, matched by the knot of gray ribbon with which they were tied.

"Show the young ladies to their rooms, Milly, and wait upon them, if they require it."

Madame waved them away, and turned her attention to Mr. Thancroft. She perfectly understood the stiff constraint he had imposed upon himself, but having carried her point, she was sublimely indifferent to the evident dissatisfaction of her friend and adviser.

"Now, how go your own affairs, Mr. Thancroft? How does our young student progress, and will his acumen serve to grace the profession under your admirable teaching and example?"

"The young man is naturally quick enough, but I doubt if he will ever make a good lawyer. He is too indolent to accomplish any thing, with too little application to carry him straight through the simplest tasks. We passed him with a fishing-rod in his hands just beyond the village, and I'm sure North has need of his assistance in the office. I wouldn't undertake such a charge except to favor you, Madame."

Madame laughed.

"Young and heedless, he will come out of it," said she, lightly. "Think of the charge I have undertaken—two flighty young creatures instead of one!"

"Hope you may get a benefit of them too," grumbled the lawyer, to himself.

"What's that you say?" queried Madame, sharply.

"I hope they may appreciate your beneficent intentions, Madame!"

"Don't attempt a compliment, Mr. Thancroft. It only comes from your lips, for you know, as well as I, that there's no beneficence about it. It is simply my pleasure to take them into charge without any care for them or their welfare. Now, honestly, what particular good is there in gratifying myself?"

"None whatever, Madame," retorted the lawyer, brusquely. "It's not as you forget duty in doing it."

"How accommodating you are, and how you amuse me, my good friend," cried Madame, briskly. "What a simplicity of candor, what a disregard of personal interest! Such open independence is refreshing in our day, and for one of your profession. Would it make any difference, I wonder, if I withdrew my business because of your plain speaking?"

"On my soul, I wish you would," said the lawyer, hotly. "It's not so easy, Madame, playing cat's-paw to a perverse woman."

"Does the pay for it burn your fingers, honest man?" queried Madame, provokingly. "Fairview would thrive you without the Durand charges, would it not? There, you're sorry, I see. Don't apologize. You would not have been so rash, but you know I do not resent your officiousness."

"Be reconciled, Mr. Thancroft. I have ordered stuffed goose for dinner in consultation of your taste, same, music lessons. Stuffed goose was the lawyer's weakness, and he began to unbend in anticipation of the savory dish."

The two girls, following their guide, passed through a narrow corridor into a circular hall situated as nearly as they could judge in the center of the mansion. A spiral staircase wound through the entire height to the roof, widening on each floor of the ascent, illuminated only by a skylight at the top. The steps were broad, and they ascended only to the first landing, but Fay St. Orme looked back into the vault-like shadows lying beneath with a visible shudder.

"Ugh, what a horrid old place!" she exclaimed. "I shall expect nothing better than to break my neck in that dark pit one of these days. What could the builder have meant by setting such a man-trap, I wonder? Isn't there any other way of going up and down, you—Milly? That's what Madame called you, I think."

"There's the servants' stairway at the back," answered Milly, slowly. "I don't think Madame would like you to use that."

"I don't think I should like it myself," said Fay, with a toss of her head.

"You will soon grow accustomed to this one, Miss St. Orme," said Mirabel Durand. "It is the strangeness of it impresses you now; there can be no actual danger with these solid balustrades."

"This way, if you please," said Milly Ross, leading on again.

She threw open the door of a moderate-sized room, having an outlook toward the orchards and deepening wood which skirted the south side of the narrow lawn.

"This is your sitting-room, meant for the use of both," she explained, and throwing open a second door—"this one is the dressing-room; the bedchambers are separate, but both open into this. The one to the right for Miss Durand, the other for Miss St. Orme."

The bedrooms were tiny apartments almost filled by huge old-fashioned bedsteads, chair and washstand. Fay glanced discontentedly at the great four-posters with canopies of dingy damask, and only a square of druggery covering the center of the floor.

"I had a French bed at Uncle St. Orme's," she said, poutingly, "with cashmere counterpanes and real lace-ruffled pillows. Our dormitory at school was better furnished than these rooms."

"Madame has left the rooms exactly as they were when she first married," said Ross. "Only some of them were newly-furnished then, I believe. Madame is very fond of the old things."

"I don't admire her taste then," declared Fay. "If I were mistress here I'd make a bonfire of the old rubbish."

"Better not tell the madame that," remarked Milly, dryly.

"I don't propose spoiling my chance of figuring in Madame's will, if that is what you mean. But the place is detestable for all that."

"It is quaint and old-styled to a degree," said Mirabel. "I like the solid masonry and the queer corners."

"It's like one of the haunted houses one finds in old story-books. I'm just unromantic enough to prefer modern elegance to remote antiquities. I hope Madame is amenable to sweet persuasion, there's such lots of things I'll want to make life endurable here."

"I wonder that you should come at all when it was so much nicer at your uncle's," said Milly Ross, pertly.

"I wouldn't throw away the chance of one day becoming the Durand heiress," said Fay, with an air of charming naïveté.

"That is, if Miss Durand don't forestall me in the madame's favor. You see, I happen to know that she means to pitch upon one of us two. It's not time to dress yet, is it?"

"Not yet. I'll come back in half an hour to unpack for you."

So saying, Milly Ross led the way back to the sitting-room, and left the girls there together.

It was furnished in the same solid, dingy

style which marked every portion of the manse. There were great round-backed chairs of heavy oak, grooved and beveled. There was a square table with a squat center-standard and sprawling claw feet. The carpet was green, faded almost to a yellow tint, and there were green blinds with a border of gaudy, painted flowers, at the windows. A high mantel had the space beneath filled with fragrant spruce-pine boughs. Heavy carved brackets were placed here and there against the walls. One held a curious marble vase with a growing, fine-leaved vine drooping its tangled tendrils over the edge.

"Madame must possess a refined taste," said Mirabel. "Nothing indicates it more truly than a passion for beautiful flowers."

Fay shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"I don't care a whit for Madame's flowers," said she, "but I know that her jewels are magnificent. Those brilliants!—how they sparkled on her shriveled hands. How would I look in the family diamonds, I wonder?"

"Very pretty, I think," said her companion, coldly. Miss Durand had not taken particularly to this fair connection whom she met for the first time upon that day when their routes had joined on their journey to the manse.

"Pretty?" echoed Fay. "I would be dazzling, bewildering. You see, I am perfectly well aware of my own beauty. Miss Durand, and because you are a beauty too it need not make us bad friends. I wish you'd sit in that stiff chair and let me take the stool at your feet. I want to get acquainted with you."

Mirabel seated herself, while Fay's tongue rattled on unceasingly.

"We are both beauties, but there's no reason why we should be rivals on that account. We are not in the least alike. You are on the stately, grand order, and are perfect as a brunoise can be. I can imagine how those great black eyes of yours can flash out scorn and defiance, or melt with tenderness. The art of coquetry ought to come natural to you, *ma chérie*."

"I have had little opportunity to cultivate it were I so inclined," said Mirabel, amused at her companion's assurance of speech.

"I should think so, if Madame got your history correct. Why, in your place, I should have flirted desperately with those importunate lovers."

"You will need to be reminded of Madame's warning, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I can be circumspect, too. But you've made me forget my thread of discourse. I was saying that you are dark and queenly, and all that, while I'm fair and petite, and look innocent enough to be free of all guile. I'm so transparent that I'm telling you the truth because I know that you would find me out all the same. Now I want you to be very gentle with me, Mirabel Durand; I never want you to be cross or haughty with me, as I know it is in your nature to be. I always go into hysterics when people are unkind to me."

Mirabel laughed.

"I suspect you of being a little hypocrite," said she. "But I have a horror of hysteria, and will try to avoid afflicting you."

"You dear creature!" cried Fay, gushing-ly; but just there the conference was broken by the entrance of Milly Ross, ready to assist them in unpacking.

(To be Continued.)

The Red Scorpion: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V. GIMP'S QUEST.

THADDEUS GIMP, LL. D., sat in his office, unmindful of the night which was closing around him.

The lawyer was absorbed in reverie; his blue eyes were riveted on one spot upon the carpet, as if the figure he saw there was an essential to his thoughts.

"Ah, yes, yes; Thad Gimp, if you're only right in your surmises, now—if there only is something in your conclusions—then your fortune is made. I shan't sleep a wink this night—not a wink—I'm so anxious to hear from Storms. I'll see him the first thing in the morning, the very first thing, and—"

"Here's a note for you, sir." The office-boy broke in upon his musings.

"Well," he snapped. "Let me have it."

Gimp started when he saw the direction upon the envelope. It was a familiar hand. "Oscar Storms," he exclaimed, rather excitedly. "What's this, eh?"

Hastening to the window, through which the last faint glimmer of the day afforded just light sufficient to read by, he tore open the missive.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Is there to be an answer?" this to the boy, who lingered in the room.

"No, sir; but—"

"But what—hey?"

"Mayn't I go home now, sir?"

"Yes, go. Get out."

Thaddeus Gimp was somewhat nervous, with a mingled feeling of expectation and suspense. He lost no time in perusing the contents of the note, which ran as follows:

Storms also was in an uneven frame of mind. Gimp instantly perceived this, and his own excitement grew more marked.

"Yes, Mr. Gimp, I went to Birdwood."

"Yes, yes—and you saw Kurtz?" fingering the handle of his cane and fidgeting uneasily.

"I saw him."

"Yes, yes—and you did as I told you?"

"Exactly."

"Yes—and the effect, Mr. Storms?—the effect?"

"That is what I wished to see you about. Won't you sit down?"

"No, no; never mind. Quick, tell me the effect of your words on Karl Kurtz."

"He looked at me as though I had struck him a blow in the face, and then sunk down."

"Fainted?"

"Yes."

"He did?—he did?" The lawyer fairly squealed the words; then he began rubbing his hands together in a delighted way, and asked:

"Then what, Mr. Storms?—then what? What after that?"

"I left the house, and returned to the city. To tell the truth, I feel worried at what I have done."

"Worried? Nonsense! It's all right; it's excellent, oh, wonderfully excellent! You—"

"Explain yourself, Mr. Gimp; you puzzle me." The young man could not help remarking the extraordinary jubilation of his companion.

"Nothing; nothing much, that is, my dear sir. Only I'm a made man from this day. So are you. You'll win Lorilyn St. Clair, undoubtedly. Oh! most excellent!"

"Mr. Gimp, what means all this?"

"Don't I tell you it means nothing? But, stick to your ground, Storms—stick! Follow up what you've commenced. See Kurtz again to-morrow. Push things. Lorilyn St. Clair is yours. I already see you at the altar with her at your side. And I'm a made man—I am! Now, I'm off. I'm going to Birdwood," and he darted toward the door, with an activity foreign to his corpulence, while he chuckled until his fat body shook like so much jelly.

"Is the man crazy?" Storms asked himself, as he listened to the patter of the lawyer's feet on the stairs.

Lawyer Gimp, half an hour later, was speeding over the road that led to Birdwood.

"I'm made!" he would exclaim, every once in a while. "Yes, I'm made! All through being shrewd, wide awake, on the look-out! Ha! h—! made!"

With a used-up horse and a dirty buggy, Thaddeus Gimp drew up before the mansion of Karl Kurtz, and, calling the stable to take charge of his animal, he ascended the steps.

Two forms, sitting in large arm-chairs on the piazza, attracted his attention.

"There's the couple I saw at the *Red Ox*," he muttered, as he entered the house.

"The one who has given me my cue—the other in tight clothes, who carries that box all the time. Now, I wonder what's in that box? I'll know before the night is over, or my name isn't Thad Gimp! Ho, there, fellow! Is Mr. Kurtz at home?"

"He is, sir," replied the servant addressed.

"Tell him, Thaddeus Gimp, lawyer and solicitor, wants to see him. Hurry," and he turned into the side-parlor, with a swagger and a flourish of his cane.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AVENGER'S TERMS.

A SLEEPLESS night was that passed by Karl Kurtz after bidding his guests adieu when the clock struck one.

Dark memories preyed upon him; his brain fevered in a recollection of some dread crime which cast a shadow over his early life, and now revived in a painful, haunting vision, with the coming of Vincent Carew.

From side to side across his pillow, he tossed and shifted; in vain he strove to shut out the harassing something conjured by his thoughts; at times a faint ejaculation from his pale lips told of an agony which racked his mind, rioting in his heart.

He did not descend at the call of the breakfast-bell.

Vincent Carew, rising at a late hour, inquired after the owner of Birdwood.

"He's indisposed, sir," was the reply to his question.

He and Dyke went out upon the piazza.

Many were the curious glances bestowed upon the pair by the numerous household servants.

As the two sat alone, Carew's gaze wandered ever the broad lands which surrounded the mansion, and a gleam that was strange and foreboding brightened his small, snaky eyes, as he took in the many acres with their wealth of ripening grain, the orchards, the vineries, the beautiful groves whose scented shadows vied with the blendings on Egean shores; the smooth, velvety lawn, with its bordered seats; the neatly-rolled paths that wound like brown serpents through the blooming shrubbery; the fountain spraying its waters in brilliant rainbows, while the immense basin—a miniature Notte Gill—rippled with the sport of innumerable fish dancing their supple bodies here and there, as they reveled in the sunbeams.

"A fine place to own, eh, Dyke?"

"Yes, master," answered Dyke, who had been watching him closely.

Just then a servant passed them, coming from the stable, where he had gone to order out the carriage for Mrs. Kurtz and Lorilyn.

Carew detained him to ask:

"Has Mr. Kurtz come down yet?"

"Yes, sir; he's in the parlor now."

"I thought I heard a step in the entry. Come, Dyke, we'll see him."

They proceeded to the parlor.

Kurtz was sitting at a window, looking out. The breeze fanned back the short gray locks from his forehead, showing the latter dry and cold in a deathly paleness. He drummed nervously upon the sill—did not hear them as they approached.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kurtz," a touch of sarcasm on the name.

He turned quickly; a shiver convulsed him when he saw who it was.

"Good-morning." The voice that replied to Carew's salutation was hollow and unnatural.

"Business, if you please, Mr. Kurtz," he advanced to the old gentleman's side, while Dyke Rouel stood aloof, watching and listening intently.

"Business?"

"You are forgetful—purposely, I venture. Our interview was out short last night; now we'll resume. Do you intend to stand by your agreement with Antoine Martinet?"

"Curse Antoine Martinet!" muttered Kurtz, between his teeth.

"He served you well, once."

"No, he served me ill. Had I never met with him I would not now be what I am—shrinking before my own conscience."

"Your conscience has been well smothered for a number of years. But that's neither here nor there. I have come to keep the pledge—ay, the oath—I gave Antoine Martinet."

"Man, have you no pity in you?" Kurtz faced him suddenly, and something like the old fire seemed to rekindle in his nature.

"None," returned his sinister tormentor; and he added: "So be careful how you brave my power. If you ever again lay your hand on a pistol—"

"Ha!"

"Ay, you did it last night in the library—repeat the action, I say, and I'll set the law bounds on your heels!"

"We are going out for a drive, uncle; will you accompany us?" Lorilyn, attired for a ride, stood in the doorway.

No sooner did Vincent Carew set eyes on the lovely girl, than he clapped his hands to his brow and staggered backward. A choked exclamation fell from his lips; he waved one hand before him, as if he would banish her from his sight.

"The Phantom! The Phantom!" he gasped.

"Master, master, keep your feet!" cried Dyke, springing forward.

When Carew looked up and stared wildly toward the door, Lorilyn was gone.

She was strangely agitated as she hastened out to the waiting carriage. As she sunk into the luxurious cushions beside her aunt, she whispered to herself in a frightened way:

"The Phantom," he said! Oh, God! what can he have meant? None but those with the blood of Carew in their veins ever see—can—can it be—the sentence was not completed; she shuddered and glanced fearfully back at the parlor-windows as the carriage moved away.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Kurtz, noticing her paleness.

"Nothing, nothing, aunt; the heat affects me."

Karl Kurtz looked in utter astonishment on the scene enacted.

"Come," said Carew, his brows knitting in an evil scowl. "We'll have no more nonsense! I've wasted time enough."

"Wait, wait," interrupted Kurtz; "not here; let us go to the library."

"Lead on then."

When they reached the library, Carew said:

"Now, Mark Drael, did you look at the paper I dropped on the floor, and which you picked up?"

"No," stammeringly.

"Do so now." The tone was one of command. The man who held Karl Kurtz so mysteriously in his power was evidently resolved to brook no further dally in attending to that which had brought him to Birdwood.

Trembling, breathing hard, avoiding the burning, malicious gaze that was fixed upon him, Kurtz drew the paper from his pocket.

"Read it aloud."

"Aloud?"

"You heard me," and the sullen, threatening expression grew darker.

"No—at least, spare me that! It is trial enough to me."

"I tell you to read that paper aloud!" thundered Carew, clenching his fist.

"I will—I will."

Karl Kurtz shivered as with an ague when he opened the paper and fastened his eyes on the writing it contained. He faltered, hesitated, seemed incapable of speech.

"Go on."

Slowly, and in broken syllables, he began:

"Know, by this, that I, Mark Drael, am ready, at the order of Antoine Martinet, to fulfill the contract made with him—let that order come when it will; nor will I deny the claims of that contract, but cancel them at once, so help me God!"

"There is more. Read on."

"Let presentation of this be the order. The time has come!"

"And the signature to this? Answer me."

"Is that of Antoine Martinet?"

"And the one above it?"

"Mark Drael."

"But whose is it?"

"Mine—I mine!" groaned the miserable man, and, letting the paper fall from his nerveless fingers, he sunk forward, resting his cold, sweat-bathed forehead in his hands.

"You see I am well armed. You remember the contract?"

"Yes."

Kurtz looked up at him beseechingly.

"So! Now then, my demand: you will go to the city to-morrow, and legally transfer Birdwood to me—hold! that is not all. Besides, you will place fifty thousand dollars to my credit in bank. You can afford it."

Karl Kurtz stared at him like one struck with a soul-deep terror. What more would be demanded of him?

"You see I am lenient. I don't want all of your money, though I could take it. Now, the third, and last: you have a niece—Antoine Martinet says you became her guardian, at the death of her mother, when she was but six years old."

"Well—what of her?" in a scarce audible voice.

"You will prepare her to receive me as her future husband—her name is Lorilyn St. Clair, is it not?"

"You—you—wed—Lorilyn!"

"That is my intention. And, mark: I want no trouble about it. You may arrange the best way you can. Will you obey, Mark Drael?" a latent menace in the closing inquiry.

"Man, don't do this! Don't force Lorilyn to wed you! You are wicked, ay, vile; there is nothing fiendish that you would hesitate to perpetrate—I read it in your face! Such a thing would be a most unholy sacrifice!"

"Have a care, Mark Drael!"

Dyke Rouel, standing behind Carew, was making signs of warning. But Kurtz heeded him not.

"I care no longer for myself; you have me beneath your heel, to trample on and grind down at will. I yield because I can not help it. But spare her—"

"Where is she? Is she in your house?"

"You have seen her?"

"Seen her? When?"

"A few moments ago, down—"

"Was it she who came to the parlor door?"

"Yes."

For a few seconds the dark-browed man gazed fixedly at him. During that space some secret emotion agitated him.

Mark Drael, we understand each other. Refuse, at your peril, to obey my orders."

He turned abruptly on his heel and left the library, motioning Dyke to follow.

As Rouel passed out, he made another warning sign. The expression of his sickly countenance said, plainly:

"Beware! I have warned you not to trifle with him."

Karl Kurtz sat in solitude, the threatening words of his foe—it was a foe, and a dreaded one—ringing in his ears.

"How singular!" thought Carew, as he walked slowly along the entry. "This Lorilyn St. Clair she—"

By Heaven! hers is the face of the Phantom that "pursues me! What can it mean? No matter; I'll think upon it some other time—"

Ah! he stopped short as he saw Eddy ascending the stairs with his nurse.

"You'll have to sleep two hours to-day, child; the party robbed you of your nap yesterday." It was the nurse speaking. She addressed the golden-haired boy in a playful tone, and patted him on the shoulder.

Eddy replied with a light, silvery laugh, and the two disappeared.

"So he goes to take his regular morning nap," mused Carew. "What better time than now to secure the revenge Antoine Martinet swore to have, and bade me attend to as the price of my fortune?"

In the shadows of the entry Vincent Carew awaited the return of the nurse. He felt sure she would come down after seeing Eddy asleep.

The library door opened, and Karl Kurtz came out. But he descended by another stairway.

Carew was right in his supposition. The nurse returned very soon.

"Give me the box, Dyke."

"Yes, master. But, I say—what are you going to do?"

"Silence! Don't ever ask me such a thing as that again, Dyke Rouel, unless you relish kicking."

Dyke bowed meekly.

"Now, go down to the piazza and wait there for me. If I am asked after, remember: you don't know where I am."

"Yes, master."

With the mysterious box in hand, Carew glided away on tip-toe.

It was a strange, strange look that settled on Dyke Rouel's face as he watched the retreating figure of the man whom he called "master."

"Some day!" he muttered, in a measured voice. "Some day!"

Then he went down to the piazza.

Rouel's shoes were without heels; the soles were thin and pliant; hence his step was noiseless as the tread of a cat. It was owing to this fact that he heard some one say, as he passed the parlor door:

"No, it must not be! I love Lorilyn too well. I'll go to the city to-night and—"

The speaker lowered his voice, so that Rouel could hear no more.

"It's Mark Drael!" said Dyke, *sotto voce*, as he dropped into one of the cane chairs on the piazza, and coiled arms and limbs around it until he appeared to tie himself in a knot.

"Perhaps, friend Mark, our cause may become common shortly. If I only wasn't such a coward, I'd long ago—"

he paused as Kurtz came out of the house and walked, with unsteady step, along one of the gravelled paths.

The dark, rolling eyes gazed after him, while their owner seemed wrapt in deep meditation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SMALL BOX STRIKE

Eddy Kurtz was sleeping peacefully on his downy bed.

The nurse had not been detained long with him—a child is quickly wrapt in the embrace of slumber when the young head settles comfortably on the pillow. Worries and cares like those which weave unrest in the minds of men, exert no such influence on the brain of youth.

Calmly he slept on, unconscious of the black shadow that was closing around him.

A bearded face was thrust in at the door; a pair of murderous eyes were fixed upon the sleeper; then, noiseless as a flitting specter, Vincent Carew entered.

The expression of his countenance was diabolical as he paused at the bedside and silently contemplated the boyish form.

"And now I'll pay the price of my fortune!" he muttered, in a voice that issued between his lips like a snake's hiss. "Now Antoine Martinet will have his revenge! It's almost a pity to strike at the life of this helpless boy—but, it's the price! I swore to do it! Look down, Antoine Martinet; see what I am doing."

He turned the box over in his hand until he found a small slide. This he pushed up and a hole, not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, was revealed.

Next, he took out his penknife, and with the sharp blade drew a single drop of blood from his finger-tip. This blood he carefully touched to the white arm of the boy, directly over one of the large blue veins.

A moment more, and he had placed the hole in the box completely over the mark—then stood, like a foul demon, watching his victim.

Something moved within the box. A sliding, slipping, crawling sound was heard.

"It scents the blood! It will try to eat, when, enraged at failure, the deadly tail will strike its venom into the blood!" As this boy dies, so died the rival of Mark Drael, at the hands of Antoine Martinet. Ah!

There was a sudden recoil of the thing within the box. Eddy started and shifted his position, but did not awake.

Carew withdrew the box and shut the slide.

"It's done!" He bent forward to look at the spot whereon he had placed the drop of blood.

The skin was clear and white; but there was a tiny speck visible, no larger than the pricking of a pin would cause.

With the same care he had exercised in entering, he now went out.

From the window at the head of the stairs he saw Karl Kurtz sitting beneath one of the majestic shade trees on the lawn, his head hung dejectedly upon his breast.

Sardonically the smile of Vincent Carew as he continued down the stairs.

When he reached the piazza, where Rouel awaited him, he observed the carriage just entering the broad drive and approaching the house.

Like one riveted, he looked into the beautiful face of Lorilyn St. Clair.

As the ladies alighted and ascended the steps, some irresistible magnetism drew

Lorilyn's gaze to this man—only for a moment, yet a cold, indescribable thrill seized her during that brief exchange of glances.

"Yes, her face is that of the Phantom!" uttered Carew, low and thoughtfully, when she had gone from his sight.

Soon the tinkle of the dinner-bell put an end to the reveries of the crime-stained man.

Kurtz was coming toward him. When the old gentleman reached the piazza, he said, huskily:

"Will you step in to dinner, Vincent Carew?"

"Yes. And—my servant here—where will he take his meals?—with us? Yes. Come, Dyke."

When Vincent Carew was introduced to the ladies, Lorilyn bowed with drooping eyes. For some cause, it chilled her to look at him. And his name?—when she heard it, she turned very pale; and, though to an observer she was calm enough, there was a throbbing of the heart in her bosom, and she sunk mechanically into her seat.

He sat opposite to her. The small gray eyes were constantly wandering to her, and she felt—a disagreeable, trying feeling—the hard, burning, searching gaze of which she was the object.

After the meal, Carew and Rouel returned to their seats on the piazza. The first lit a cigar and settled himself back in the large cane chair to enjoy the fumes.

Lorilyn, in the parlor, with eyes bent vacantly on the page of the novel she had taken up, murmured lowly:

"What—does—it—mean? Oh, Heaven! it can't be! He is too evil-looking to be of kin to me! And yet, he has spoken of the Phantom—his name is Carew! Yes, it must be. Shall I tell him that I believe him to be my—no, no, no! it is impossible!"

It was when Carew had cast his cigar-stump aside, and sat listlessly surveying the distant woodlands, or anon, hearkening to the twitter and hum of bird and insect, that Oscar Storms arrived.

Though he appeared to pay the young man no particular attention, the gray eyes darted a hard scrutiny from beneath the shaggy brows.

A few seconds later, he heard Storms speaking with Lorilyn.

His seat was near to one of the parlor windows; their words were plainly audible to him. He frowned as he caught the tenor of their dialogue.

Presently the voices changed. Lorilyn had left the room. Storms and Kurtz were together.

Vincent Carew arose and stole quietly to the parlor door. It was his shadow Kurtz had seen when conversing with the young man.

The villain wondered greatly when he heard the words of Oscar Storms, relative to Lorilyn.

"A-h!" he exclaimed; "what hold has he on Mark Drael?"

Then came the groan—the sound of a falling body.

He entered hurriedly.

When Oscar Storms went out, involuntarily obeying Carew's suggestion as to his departure, the latter looked darkly after him.

"So, he is her lover? She doesn't seem to think much of him, judging from her caustic remarks just now. He is determined to have her, eh? Well, see, we'll measure our power over Mark Drael, young man—I am going to have Lorilyn St. Clair."

Kurtz slowly recovered his senses. He shuddered as he saw who it was bending over him.

"You fainted, Mark Drael!"

"Hush! In the name of mercy, don't speak that name where another might hear it!"

"Let me assist you to arise."

Regaining his feet, Kurtz asked:

"Where is he?—where is young Storms?"

"Gone."

"Gone—back to the city?"

"Yes. I ordered him to go. You see, I am already taking some responsibility upon myself here. He certainly must have struck you down. I heard you fall, and immediately hurried in to—"

"If you please, sir—I'm sorry to interrupt you—master Eddy is very sick, sir." At this juncture spoke a servant.

"Sick?" Kurtz looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. And nurse Emily says it's a high fever. Mrs. Kurtz is with him—and hadn't you better come up, sir?"

Without a word more, he hurried to the room where his child lay.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Carew. "Sick? Yes, I guess he is, by this time. He'll never get over it either!"

He rejoined Dyke Rouel.

"Come, Dyke, we'll look around. I want to see the whole beauty of the estate that I am soon to own."

"Own, master?" said Rouel, inquiringly

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The Coming Star.

Splendid as have been the stories which, in rapid succession, have followed in these columns, the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will soon present the opening chapters of a

Romance of the Woods and Wigwags, that, in many respects transcends, in originality and plot, and intense power of narration any romance written for the popular press in years. From the pen of the now FULLY RISEN LITERARY STAR—

OLL COOMES,

Author of "Boy Spy," "Hawkeye Harry," "Ironside, the Scout,"

it is, like his previous works, perfectly unique in conception and the nature of its incident, but transcends them in intense dramatic interest as they exceeded all ordinary stories. Hence it may be regarded as the

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True Spirit of the Woods and Plains, and, in the very plenitude of his material, literally crowds his chapters with incidents which, though very strange and startling, yet read like veritable transcripts out of the

LIFE RECORD OF THE FRONTIER AND WILDERNESS!

The New Story is of the Iowa Territory when it was *debateable ground*, and the fierce red-man's tomahawk was red with the blood of slain settlers. It introduces, as its central character, a young man who, goaded to frenzy by his wrongs, becomes

A TERROR AND A DESTROYER,

and, enlisted with him, by a train of exciting circumstances, is a Band of Seven, who dare all things to avenge the dreadful Spirit Lake Massacre. But, while the story is illustrative of the hardihood, powers and heroism of the YOUNG MEN OF THE BORDER, it is equally a romance of

LOVE AND WOMANLY DEVOTION!

in which the YOUNG WOMEN OF THE BORDER stand forth in captivating colors. This unity of features of interest gives to the serial a ceaseless charm, which grows as the story progresses, and renders its perusal a source of unqualified delight. Read as it will be by

An Immense Audience,

we wish each and every reader of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to become a *Special Committee of One* to see that someone not yet a reader shall be made a sharer in the treat which we offer. "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Our Arm-Chair.

To Read what is Good is Good; to Read what is Bad is Bad, are almost self-evident truths; yet thousands of readers are daily reading matter of all sorts which had better, by far, have been left unread.

Some of the worst reading we know of is to be found in the daily papers. Records of crime and wrong-doing are there drawn out at length and in that style most attractive to catch the attention. Yet these same papers are continually prating of the demoralizing influence of "popular" literature!

Why, as compared with the daily press, the popular papers are as morning to night—as swans to crows—as apples to persimmons; and the future historian will see in the enormous circulation of our popular weekly papers one of the main antidotes to the demoralization wrought by the daily press and by certain "Illustrated" sheets.

The Popular Weekly Press is, with some few exceptions, good, wholesome, attractive and inspiring. It is, to the young, the drawing aside of the curtain, on the great drama of life, upon which they gaze entranced. To the middle-aged it is a transcript out of their own experience—a revelation whose power, beauty and truthfulness they most fully comprehend. To the old it is a history—a revival of old memories and experiences—a resurrected past wherein they themselves were actors and participants.

The daily press is not this, at all. It is a mere transcript of the great life-struggle everywhere going on. It loves scandal; it feasts on crime; it stuns with its sensations; it works alike in good causes and bad; it is one thing to-day and another to-morrow; it is biased, partisan, perverse; it is an *omnium gatherum* of all the driftwood on the sea of troubles; and, being all this, it is as disqualified for being a guest at the Fireside and Home Circle as would be the street vagabond who knows a little of every thing and has the opportunity to say just what he pleases.

It is to the Weekly press or the Monthly Magazines that Homes and Firesides must look for its best entertainer; and that period-

cal or paper which affords the greatest pleasure and the most entertaining reading, at the least cost, may be said to be the most desirable of all.

Most fully comprehending this, the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL aim to make each issue of their paper of signal and significant merit. Remarkable literary resources render it a comparatively easy task to produce a journal of surpassing interest, novelty and excellence; and if the past be any indication of its future, this paper, by its enormous circulation, by its unquestioned influence, and its clear appreciation of the literary demands of the great reading public, must be accepted as the Best of all the American popular Weeklies.

WORMIMENTS.

My poor head has been in quite a hubbub. There are so many, many things that puzzle me of late, that I've almost come to the conclusion the world is a great conundrum, and I don't wonder so many persons are glad to "give it up." I've heard persons praise such and such a singer up to the highest sphere, acknowledging that there was nothing equal to their trills and quavers, yet somehow or other it so happened that, when these singers offended these same persons, the latter could not discover one trace of music in the former. Wasn't that foolish? Yet I have known such things to be facts. Now, the puzzle to me was, how the vocal talents could be destroyed at the very moment their owners gave offense.

Then I've had my brain pestered with the query—why is it such an awful thing for me to say or do any thing hateful, and when anybody says or does the same, it's not thought any thing of? If a poor person has the rheumatism, nobody seems to think it any thing out of the common, yet let the lady who sits on England's throne have the same thing, and the papers are full of accounts concerning it. If wonder if it will be wrong hereafter for people to be afflicted with rheumatism, since her majesty took it into her royal noddy to have a twinge of that complaint?

And I don't seem to be blessed with that keen insight to human nature to understand how it happens that one can almost always borrow a few dollars, when one doesn't need them—yet, when one is in really pressing circumstances for pecuniary aid, no one seems to have any spare change to lend. It's something like the old lines we used to sing at school:

"You shan't have any of my baked beans
When your baked beans are gone."

And that's about as selfish a song as I ever knew of. Oh, I know what I am writing about—the country has done nobly by Chicago, and God will give His blessing on it, but I don't think our individual charity amounts to a great deal. We put our names down for large sums for some charitable society, and there we consider our duty done; but it isn't, because there are many poor vagrants in the streets that these societies never reach. We spend too much time in "speechifying," telling people how much want and suffering there is in this world—information which everybody is possessed of—when it would be so much better to go to the grocer's for eatables, and to the coal merchant's for warmth, and send it to those who need them. The poor would find more comfort in that, than in all your great speeches and rhetorical sympathy.

You return from your sewing-circle, and, as you creep into your warm bed, you say, "God pity the poor."

God does pity the poor, but He has placed the power to *relieve* them in your hands, and the puzzle to me is, why don't you do it? Don't stop to think about it, but do it on the moment. You don't know what a pleasure it is to relieve poverty yourselves, and not leave it to a second person to do.

Let me see; there was something more I had to wonder about. I must look at my tablets. There, I thought it was something about the masculines. I don't see how they can stand our little fits of temper, our many little caprices and whims. But they do do it, and that without a cross word or even a point. It may be, it is because they're afraid of losing us. How is that, gentlemen?

Now, it don't seem right that we girls should impose on their good nature, when they are so kind; but, gentlemen, you must not judge us too harshly. You've no idea how much we have to torment us. It's awful tiresome to keep the run of the fashion, to know just what style would suit us. Why, it's enough to drive us out of our senses at the mere thought of it. You know you always look well in suits of black, but you wouldn't want us to appear in that color, would you?

I wonder if these things worry other people as they do "Eve." But, brother Tom and grandma L. seem to think that they're foolish ideas to worry about, anyway. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Musketeers.

MUSKETEERS are the most savage and bloodthirsty and every thing else of all birds of prey.

They are the last fowls of the air that were ever invented.

They were invented and patented the same day that Adam and Eve—a very peculiar old couple—removed their lodgings from the garden of Eden, and have been handed down from generation to generation, with all the improvements that have been made in their machinery—which allows of no infringements.

They are now pronounced perfect and cannot be beaten off.

They had not been introduced into Egypt in the time of old Pharaoh, or that eccentric old individual would have scratched around for some swift means to let the Israelites go hastily.

We read of every thing else in that history but musketeers.

A man may keep a hotel, or a saloon, or his wife's relations, but it is impossible for him to keep the ten commandments and a houseful of musketeers.

According to the last census, there were in the United States alone 17,000,000,000—Well, to save type, you can imagine four miles of aughts, not counting their small children, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Musketo-bars are no protection against them out in Indiana; they all went to a blacksmith and had their bills drawn out, so they can sit on the foot-board of the bedstead (three can sit there at once), and reach for a man four feet off.

New Jersey musketeers have the patent attached force pump along with them, and

can pump a man dry of blood in three minutes.

They are the worst things in the world to make a man jaw his wife or spank his children.

One thing very funny is that they never disturb your neighbor. If you should mention to him how they bothered you last night, he would only laugh heartily and say they didn't trouble him in the least! This is the most aggravating thing in the world.

I would rather be stung with the hind foot of a donkey than to be stung by a musketo. It's more honorable.

I despise to meet their bills. I have known them to pick my lock with their bills and walk in boldly.

They live to a great age, and generally die of it, for none of them ever get killed, unless it is by accident.

It is useless to try to slap one to sleep on your face. I dislocated my jaw lately by trying to intimate softly to one on my cheek that he wasn't needed there. Of course he wasn't injured a bit.

Every night I can hear their wings flapping over my head, and hear them whistle and sing. I like neither their notes nor their bills.

If we were not so much reduced every summer by musketoets, I honestly believe the people of this country would be a race of giants.

They are vultures of the full-blooded stock.

I proclaim them a nuisance, and warn them off my premises.

I have often tried to imagine how much I hate them. I think I hate them twenty-four hours a day, forty horse power strong. I hate them at the rate of sixty miles an hour—at the rate of one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch. My hatred is one hundred and four in the shade and twenty-four carats fine.

They spend the most part of the daytime in sharpening their bills for their night operations. In the State of Delaware I saw one of them turning a grindstone, while another was putting a fine edge on his bill.

Oh, how I do *itch* for their extinction!

Their labors are all in *vein*.

The poet says they have a filmy wing, they also have a *fill-me* stomach.

In a little brush with them you will find that they always draw the first blood.

I sometimes wish I was a musketo, for they have a splendid way of taking vengeance, and there are some folks in this world I would dearly love to anuse.

Their business is to drink at musketo-bars.

I want the whole tribe wiped out, and hereby authorize any banker, or any other man in the city who has plenty of money, to pay twenty cents for each musketo's head that is brought in.

N. B.—The head must in all cases be sawed off by the body.

Biting,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Want of Variety in Dress.—New Colors.—Hats and Bonnets.—Perfumery.—The Rose-fields of Puteaux and Bulgaria.

BEAUTIFUL and varied as are the new fashions of the coming season, there is a stiffness and sameness that are deplorable. Every lady must wear either a polonaise and japon, or a japon, tunic and basque—a saque talma or a Dolman, which is almost the same thing—a hat or a bonnet, or she would look as *outré* on Broadway or Fifth Avenue as the party of medievalists who are introduced in the Pompeian scene in "Roi Carotte" do to the astonished Pompeians.

The new robes of this fall's importations are simply variations of the last two years. The new colors are better. Here we have some things that are novelties and beauties. The cashmeres, merinos, serges, Emperors, cloths, velvets, corded, repped and satin-striped fabrics, wool satines and poplins, are all brought out in these new colors. They are almost indescribable, but we will try to give our lady readers some idea of them.

In the first place, they are so deceptive as to be called by one leading Parisian house, "ghosts of colors"—that is, they are neither one thing nor another. For instance, there are the bronze browns—an exquisite shade of greenish-brownish gray, similar to bronze when it has become a little subdued by exposure to the air; olive, a similar shade; lichen, another greenish-gray, in several tints.

These shades make very serviceable dresses. Next come ash colors in various tints; resedas, or mignonette browns, in several shades; all the shades of dead leaves; marine blues, and a new blue called polar blue—a tint resembling the bluish-gray of an Arctic sky; Neptune, a dark sea-green, various other shades of green, such as Rhone, Rhine, Lemon, Mexican, Atlantic, Azoff and Nile, named from supposed resemblance to those waters. Then you have turquoise and serges and sapphire blues, and tea-rose, and salmon, and a similar shade called "Capont," and "Mario," a greenish-yellow; all of which are brought out for evening wear.

The reds and purple also come in great variety, from the deepest maroon and claret, to coral and current color, or from a blackish-purple called "Luca," in compliment to the new singer, to a delicate mauve to which the name of *viola* is given, and really it is just the very shade of the lilac-tinted racemes of that beautiful climber.

Bonnets and hats are equally fashionable. The shapes do not vary much from those of the past season—except that the bonnets are *larger*, with deeper capes, and more defined coronet brims, and the hats have taller crowns and narrower brims. Both hats and bonnets are elaborately trimmed with flowers, feathers, lace and ribbon.

The most exquisite and delicate perfumes are now used to a greater extent by fashionable people than ever. Among the newest of these fine and delicate fancy odors are the "Wild-flowers of India," "Mathiola," "Crown Bouquet," "Butterfly Orchis," and "Hawthorn Bloom." It is really wonderful how well the fresh fragrance of the flowers is retained through the process of extraction by distillation. Some facts relative to the cultivation of roses for perfume may not be uninteresting to our readers. It is from the vast fields of roses, trees at Puteaux, in France, that the perfumers of Paris obtain the necessary supply of roses for their immense perfumeries. Little by little, of late years, these fields have diminished, and at last the consumers are beginning to inquire the causes. Three reasons are given. In the first place, the land is being sold for villas with gardens; second, the roses are not so remunerative as

formerly; thirdly, because the severe cold of last winter destroyed most of the plantations. An agent from one of the Paris perfumers asked the cultivators of Puteaux to name the price which would induce them to replant their rose-fields. They replied:

"If we can get one hundred francs (twenty dollars) per hundred kilograms, we will replant our fields." This price was agreed upon, and the rose-fields are to bloom again as of old, and ladies may still use the otar and extracts of roses, but at an advanced price. There are at Adrianople over twelve thousand acres of rose-fields. It is from these plantations that the Turkish "ottargul" is distilled. The Bulgarian boys and girls culd these roses at sunrise in the months of April, May and June. It is said to be a beautiful sight to see their young forms and bright faces at that early hour among the roses, helping to make a picture of the most vivid life and fragrance imaginable.

EMILY VERDERY.

Short Stories from History.

The Father of Mechanics.—Archimedes was incomparably the most inventive and original of ancient mathematicians; he was well acquainted with the principles of equilibrium, hydrostatics, and catoptrics; indeed, he may almost be said to have been the father of mechanics, for of all his discoveries, and perhaps no individual, either among the ancients or moderns, ever discovered so much, the most remarkable are those he made in mechanics, and the application of them to practice. Before his time, this branch of science did not exist. In his work on the "Equilibrium of Bodies," he gives a proof of the fundamental properties of the lever, which has never yet been surpassed in simplicity; and he applies his principles to find the center of gravity of various spaces, with great ingenuity. In his work on the "Floating of Bodies in Fluids," he shows a complete insight into the nature of fluid equilibrium; and determines the position in which they float in some cases, which can by no means be considered as easy, even to modern mathematicians. Indeed, without any addition to the principles of Archimedes, the doctrine of equilibrium was capable of being carried to its utmost extent, though among the ancients it appears to have stopped with him.

Numerous mechanical contrivances have been attributed to Archimedes; some of them, probably, only on account of the celebrity of his name. For instance, he is said to have been the author of an invention something like what are now called Chinese puzzles; in which certain angular pieces of ivory are to be put together, so as, by different arrangements, to produce the resemblances of various objects.

Archimedes seems to have turned much of his attention to the construction of machines of extraordinary powers; and he boasted of the unlimited extent of his art, in the well-known expression, "give me but a spot to stand on, and I will move the earth." The mechanics of that time employed themselves not merely in proving the possibility of making a given force move any weight, however large, but they studied to combine the best material means of carrying it into effect. Athenæus describes a ship of extraordinary magnitude, which Hiero caused to be made, with twenty ranks of rowers, and containing so enormous a space, as to have on board, gardens, baths, walks, a gymnasium, a large library, etc. This unwieldy mass, Archimedes is said, by means of some mechanical power, to have enabled Hiero to push into the sea, by his own individual strength.

Archimedes was, like all the mathematicians of that age, a diligent practical observer; and we are told that he thought he had discovered the distance of the heavenly bodies from each other, and from the earth; but that his measures were rejected by the Platonists, as not following that imagined accuracy of mathematical proportions, which they asserted must necessarily exist. Cicero speaks of an orrery, as we should call it, made by Archimedes, and exhibiting the motion of the sun, the moon, and the planets; which he uses as an argument against those who deny a Providence. "Shall we," says he, "attribute more intelligence to Archimedes for making the imitation, than to nature for framing the original?"

By the ingenuity of Archimedes, the siege Syracuse was long protracted; Polybius relates, that when the Roman fleet appeared at a distance from the walls, by powerful machines, which threw darts and stones. Large levers were also made to project over the walls, from which iron claws were suspended; by these the Roman vessels were seized by the prows, and hoisted half-way up with such violence, as to be sometimes dashed under water, so that Marcellus observed, that "Archimedes used his ships like buckets."

There does not seem to be any reason to doubt these statements, which are confirmed by the universal consent of historians. In fact, while modern artillery was unknown, much greater attention was paid to improving those instruments which were used; and the effects produced, exceeded in many cases any thing we should think possible, without the use of gunpowder. The powers which were employed, were sometimes the elasticity of large beams of wood, of which a gigantic bow was made, and worked by machinery; and sometimes the forces of cords, of different substances, which being violently twisted, were allowed to untwist, and thus to give motion to a lever inserted in them.

Though the study of mathematics is generally considered dry and repulsive, by persons not engaged in it; there seems to be few pursuits which have the power of exciting so strong and ardent an interest in the student. Like our own immortal Newton, Archimedes is said to have required to be reminded of the common duties of eating and drinking, by those about him; and while his servants were placing him in the bath, he employed himself in drawing mathematical diagrams in the ashes which were spread on the floor, or in the oil with which his skin was covered. This abstraction made people say, as Plutarch informs us, "that he was accompanied by an invisible siren, to whose song he was listening."

A lively fancy might easily imagine a discoverer, in the enthusiasm of speculations, to be absorbed in his attention to the voice audible only to his ears, which revealed his truths, concealed from all the world beside.

It matters not how often you stoop, if what you stoop for is worth picking up.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. reserved for future use.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package mailed, except "Book Reviews," and on imperfect are not or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS., as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use commercial note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must say no to the following: "Memory," "Despair," "Cheerfulness," "Children of the Street," "Tis well to Own," "Our President," "Whitehorn's Laughing Gas," "True Friendship," "The Bootblack," "Hank and Lon," "A Good Scamp," "Rose March's old Flame," "The Last Blow," "A New Domain," "The Squaw Wife," "Peace at any Price," "Never tell tales out of School," "The Boy Thief," "Miss Sampson's worst Scholar," "What for Tat," "The three Sisters-in-law," "Perjured."

Available MSS. will be noted next week.

H. H. L. We don't know where Ned Forrest is.

BEN H. The Northern Pacific R. R. is yet only the beginning of a road. It will reach the Red River of the North next spring—probably.

CLARA C. G. We have no Fashion Reporter as such. Mrs. E. V. Battey, in her "Woman's World," contributions to our columns, will bestow some attention to Fashion—for, what would woman's world be without it?

WYOMING VALLEY. See the answer to Fritz in the present issue.

A. H. W. The author of "Witches of New York" is now on the "stage." The drama has been played by him for several years.

Geo. L. W. The best skin emollient is sweet cream. Bathe hands and face at night, and let the cream dry on the skin. In the morning, wash off with glycerine soap. This will render the skin very soft and cool. Your other questions have already been answered several times in this column.

JED LESURE. The question of the word Stomach is as if written Suse or Suge. Jed says: "I read all the papers, but for general reading none of them come up to the JOURNAL." Thank you, Jed—ditto.

ALPHONSE. We know of no free gymnasium in the city. All being private institutions are accessible only on payment of stipulated fees.

TERENCE W. The paper ordered is sent. The poems being unavailable, are returned.

UNDINE. Nothing at all. We ought, on the other hand, to be paid for publishing much that is offered.

JEO. F. H. The paper having been greatly enlarged, and so few would bind it that we have deemed it unnecessary to get up a formal title-page and table of contents for each volume.

X. Y. Z. Not knowing can not say. Neither way is very expensive.

H. E. D. We very much doubt if there are any cure for deafness caused by illness. Still, there are physicians who profess to make cures where the sense of sound is not entirely gone. In such cases, the cure is not as reliable as a mere conductor of sound, of which there now are several excellent kinds.

H. W. B. It is constitutional for some persons' hair to turn gray early in life, and some believe there is no cure for it. Wear your silver-gray locks: they are by no means unbecoming.

Fritz asks if, being born in Germany and coming to this country in his youth, he is compelled to be "naturalized" before he can become a citizen and voter, when he is of age. We answer no, if your father has been naturalized in this country, you have been naturalized in this country. If your father has not been naturalized, or you have no father, you will be compelled to go through the regular formula. But, any minor arriving in this country before he is ten years of age, can procure all his papers on being five years in this country, without waiting for the two years to elapse between the time of his coming to intentions and receiving his full papers of naturalization, which is imposed on those arriving when over eighteen years of age.

MARIA D. says she has got ink spots all over a nice merino dress, and asks if they can be removed. They can, by straining the fabric stained over a warm flat-iron, then soot, and finally, by using a piece of soap, and the spot will disappear at once. Wash immediately in cold water. The same economical young lady asks how she can whiten her soiled light kid gloves. The answer is, wash them in a solution of soda, and then in a solution of ammonia. It is so rare, nowadays, among our chaperoned, pampered, high-heeled belles!—and so answer: place a tablecloth of white muslin in a tub of water, and when all parts have been used, wash out clean in water and proceed, observing to use little moisture and much soap.

MANOUEITE. Ladies should not appear in the street wearing slippers intended for house wear. It looks slovenly. Preserve "the proprieties" whether indoors or out. A true or false slipper is the house for the street, or the street for the house.

HORACE WHITE. Striped socks for gentlemen are quite fashionable this year, worn with low shoes. A gentleman may wear a colored shirt at a watering-place in the morning, but he should never appear so dressed at dinner, or in the evening when he must be present with ladies, as it is not showing to them the proper respect according to the social and domestic rules. If a man don't happen to have a relay of shirts the presumption is—he had better let "our best society" know. There is so much disgusting snobbery in these mandates of fashion that few persons of sense will care to follow them implicitly.

LAND-OWNER. If you desire to measure an exact acre, within a square, you must have a square 100 feet on each side. An acre contains 4,840 square yards, and a square mile contains 640 square acres.

CLERK. The "new" Internal Revenue Law went into operation Oct. 1st, 1870, abolishing the tax upon merchandise, excepting liquor and tobacco. Incomes under \$2,000 are also exempt. In abolishing stamps on receipts, it rendered a great good. Drafts and checks, however, still require the stamp.

KNOWLEDGE-SEEKER. In mailing circulars, maps, prints, engravings, music, cards, photographs, types, cuttings, roots, seed, etc., in one package to one address, prepare a separate label for each one, and fraction thereof. The weight of a package to go by mail is limited to thirty-two ounces.

SOLDIER. The first piece of artillery was invented soon after gunpowder came into use. The inventor was a German, and artillery was first used in battle by the Moors, at Algeiras, Spain, more than five hundred years ago.

FIXATIONS. The national debts of the principal nations of the earth, we believe, now rank about as follows: The United States, \$2,453,559,000; England, \$2,355,283,000; France, \$2,000,000,000; Prussia, \$2,000,000,000; Austria, \$1,200,000,000; Italy, \$1,094,040,000; Spain, \$738,760,000; Prussia, \$255,660,000; Canada, \$73,600,000; Switzerland, \$77,400.

BUSINESS-MAN. There is so much disagreeing of use and interest, and had better always keep them upon your mind. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law. The acts of one partner bind the others. Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced. A contract made with a lunatic is void. A contract made with a minor is void. Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are not invalid, unless made on Sunday. A note given by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated upon the face of the note. A note drawn on Sunday is void. If a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker, for he must pay it upon maturity, having a right to demand a bond of indemnity against a second payment.

SPORTSMAN. Billiards were invented by a French artist, whose name was Henry Devigne, in the reign of Charles IX, and in the year 1671.

GEORGE W. WARRICKS. The following is a fair average, you will find, of a mile per hour, 3 miles; a horse trots, per hour, 7 miles; a horse runs, per hour, 20 miles; a steamboat runs, per hour, 15 miles; a vessel, 10 miles; a river, 1 mile; a slow, per hour, 4 miles; a river, 1 mile; a

THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

BY TOM GOULD.

Alone in the world with its sadness,
To battle its griefs and its strife;
How often I pray for some gladness
To dawn on the shadow of life.
A waif in this wide world so lonely,
Adrift from the pure and the bright;
What might a girl do if she only
Had some one to set her right!

No father, no mother, no brother!
No sister's affectionate care;
And cold are the hearts of all other—
For plenty, hath nothing to spare.
No hovel nor home or so dreary—
Is it wicked to wish I were dead?
No mother's caress when I'm weary,
No rest for my poor drooping head.
No friend in this wide world to guide me,
No kind heart to show me the light,
No loved one to praise nor to chide me,
I've no one to set me right!

The strong are so bold and so fearless,
They heed not how others may live;
The rich are so cold and so cheerless,
They think they have nothing to give.
But yet if I fall they will chide me,
Those tongues that refused me would mourn.
The hand that ne'er offered to guide me,
Would point me the finger of scorn.

Oh, charity, art thou forgotten?
And man, art thou idle with play?
Was Jesus so meanly begotten
That you can not follow his way?
Did Heaven this spirit bequeath you
To shadow all duty from sight?
Or, is it a task quite beneath you
To set a poor creature aright?

The Wronged Heiress:

OR,

The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAPPEL: OR, THE PERENNIAL PROPHECY," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM BREYER'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BOLD, BAD WOMAN.

It is now necessary that we go back to the morning subsequent to Mabel Trevor's forced departure from the boat-house at Woodlawn, where she had been detained a prisoner by the orders of Mrs. Laudersdale.

On this particular morning, the hour was very late when Mrs. Laudersdale quitted her suite of private apartments and descended to the breakfast-room.

She could scarcely have rested well, for her face was nearly colorless, and dark circles could plainly be discerned underneath her eyes.

She ate her breakfast in silence. Jane Burt entered the room, just as she was rising from the table. Mrs. Laudersdale knitted her brow in perplexed thought, for a minute or two, but presently said:

"Jane, where is your master?"
"He went to the city, some hours since, madam," replied the very demure maid.
"And Marcia?"
"Has gone for her morning walk."

"Good," Mrs. Laudersdale stepped to the library door and threw it open.
"Jane," she said, then, looking back, "send Bill Cuppings to me."

"Ah-ha!"
A sort of double exclamation, but these two words, coming from Jane, meant volumes. She at once departed on her errand, however.

Five minutes later, Bill Cuppings entered the library where Mrs. Laudersdale sat, quietly awaiting his coming.

She acknowledged his entrance by a half-nod. "Pray be seated," she said, pointing to a chair near her own.

A smile of peculiar meaning curled the villain's thin lips.
"What?" he cried, with a palpable sneer, "may I really venture to sit in your presence, my lady?"

"Of course."
"Somebody might come upon us unexpectedly."

"Bah!"
"In which event it would be considered very strange that a servant should be closeted with his mistress in confidential talk," went on Bill, that disagreeable sneer still curling his lip.

"The coast is clear," said Mrs. Laudersdale, angrily. "I am not the woman to run risks without first weighing the consequences."

"True, true," said the exasperating rogue.
He sat down, and looked sharply at his mistress. He had a secret to keep now, and any weakness on his part would surely betray this fact to the sharp-sighted woman before him.

If he feigned to be studying her face, she would be less apt to notice his. There was a short silence. Mrs. Laudersdale waited for him to take the initiative, which he was determined not to do.

"Well?" she said, at last, in an impatient tone.
He drew his chair somewhat nearer. "I suppose you are anxious to learn the result of the little episode that occurred last night," he ventured.

"Yes. Speak quickly. Where is the girl?"
"Can't you guess?"

The guilty woman turned deadly pale. "No, no!" she cried. "You must tell me in so many words what you and Miles did with her."

"She is dead."
He uttered the lie in a perfectly composed tone of voice. His gaze never once wandered from the ghastly countenance of his mistress. Mrs. Laudersdale had not the faintest suspicion that he had broken faith with her.

A slight cry escaped her lips; but it was a cry of relief. She seemed to see the breakers receding that had threatened to overwhelm and ruin her.

"How did you manage it?" she whispered.
"Easily enough. Miles enticed the girl from the grounds, and we carried her off in a cab we had hired for that purpose."

"What then?"
He drew his hand significantly across his throat.

"She is taking a pretty long snooze in the North river," he said, brutally. "Would you like to hear the particulars?"
"Never mind." The wicked woman shuddered in spite of herself. "Now, I suppose, you want the money I promised you?"

"As soon as convenient, my lady."
"You shall have your share of it this very day—after I have found time to visit my banker."

"And Miles?"

"I will see him, and settle with him myself."

"Indeed!" There was an ugly smile on Bill's lips as he rose to go. He would have given half the promised reward to have been told the precise nature of the secret his brother and Mrs. Laudersdale held in common.

"I'll find it out yet," he muttered, as he slowly wended his way toward the servants' hall.

Just at present, however, his chief concern was to prevent the wily woman from discovering how utterly he had deceived her in pretending that he had put Mabel out of the way, in accordance with the full spirit of her instructions.

He hoped to profit, in more ways than one, even yet, by her continued existence.

As for Mrs. Laudersdale herself, she felt no remorse because of the crime that she supposed had been perpetrated. Her only emotions were of relief and satisfaction.

While Mabel lived, the sword of Damocles had hung suspended over her head; and now that sword was removed.

A few minutes after Bill Cuppings had quitted the library, a servant appeared to announce a visitor.

This visitor, to Mrs. Laudersdale's surprise and consternation, proved to be Philip Jocelyn.

At first she was tempted not to see him. But an instant's reflection convinced her that such a movement on her part would be unwise; therefore she ordered the servant to show him in.

He looked pale and haggard, and advancing slowly into the apartment, paused directly before Mrs. Laudersdale with his arms folded upon his breast.

"You told me a falsehood last night," he said, in a low, deep tone of voice.
She looked up at him laughingly. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"There is such a person as Mabel Trevor, and you know it."

She neither moved nor answered.
"She was hidden somewhere in these grounds at the very moment when I stood on yonder terrace inquiring for her," he went on, excitedly. "She was hidden in these grounds, and you knew it."

The well-arched brows of Mrs. Laudersdale became slightly elevated.
"You make very strange accusations, Mr. Jocelyn."

"But true ones," he said, sternly. "I, myself, saw the girl, after I left your side, last night. She was in the hands of two ruffians. They took her away in a close carriage."

"Why should you link me with the doings of two strange men?"
"One of those men was your servant. Both were acting under instructions from you. Of that I am thoroughly convinced."

Had Mrs. Laudersdale reposed a trifle less of confidence in Bill's story, she would have been at her wits' end on hearing these very plain words from Philip Jocelyn.

But feeling assured that Mabel was really out of the way, and could never appear against her in this life, she was only a trifle disconcerted.

"Produce this girl, this Mabel Trevor, and bring her face to face with me," she said, laughingly. "I shall then hope to convince you how utterly and entirely groundless are your suspicions."

"Would that I could produce her," cried Philip.
He suddenly caught her hand, and wrung it violently. "For the love of heaven, listen to me," he exclaimed. "Forego your wicked purpose so far as that innocent girl is concerned. Forego it, and I promise that she shall never trouble you in any manner. All I ask is her life and liberty."

"What do you mean by addressing such words to me?" said Mrs. Laudersdale, in a tone of well-affecting amazement. "You are beside yourself."

"Yes, I am mad, or nearly so—mad with misery and pain. Mabel may be dead for aught I know. She is certainly in great peril. The uncertainty of her fate drives me desperate."

The wicked woman eyed him coolly.
"Why didn't you follow the carriage in which, as you say, the girl was driven away?" she asked.

"I did follow it for some distance. But I was on foot, and it soon left me far behind. I have hunted all night, but vainly. As a last resort, I came back to Woodlawn, hoping to move your stubborn heart to sympathy—hoping that you might be persuaded to give up your fell purpose, and help me to find Mabel."

"Then you believe that impostor's story?"
"Fully."

Mrs. Laudersdale bit her lip, but said nothing. She knew it would be useless to argue with him in his present state of mind.

"I might have had my doubts last night," he added, speaking still in a low, decided voice. "But the last one was removed by what I saw after leaving your side. I am now convinced that Mabel told me the truth."

The wily Jezebel heaved a deep sigh.
"I am sorry, very sorry, that you should think so ill of me, as you must think, if you give credence to that girl's story," she said. "But I will not quarrel with you. By-and-by you will be convinced of your mistake, and feel sorry for the rash words you have addressed to me this morning."

"I'll then it is better that we see very little of each other. Let us part friends, however."

She held out her hand with such a sweet, half-regretful smile, that Philip, for his life, could not help taking it in his own.

"Then you will not help me?" he said.
"How can I?" she sighed.

He turned at that, and reluctantly quitted the room.

In crossing the hall he encountered Chloe, a colored servant, who, he had heard, had been for many years in Jasper Laudersdale's employ. Despite the agitated state of his mind, it suddenly occurred to him that he might, perhaps, learn from this old woman the real cause of Mrs. Laudersdale's hatred of Mabel Trevor.

That hatred was certainly to be accounted for by something that had occurred years and years ago, and Chloe might, inadvertently, inform him what that "something" was, or, at least, let fall some hint that would be of use to him.

If he knew exactly why the wicked woman disliked and feared Mabel, he would the better be able to tell what she had done with her.

Acting upon this thought, he slipped a gold-piece into Chloe's hand.

"Are you very busy, just now?" he asked.
"Not partic'lar, mas'r," she answered, grinning from ear to ear.

"So much the better. I have a word to say to you in private. Will you follow me down to the garden gate as soon as you can do so, without calling attention to your movements?"

Chloe looked at the gold-piece in her hand, and nodded a willing assent.

Philip hurried down the path, and stood with both elbows leaned upon the garden wall, attempting to arrange his thoughts for the coming interview.

He had not long to wait. In less than five minutes Chloe joined him at the gate.

"Now, mas'r," she began, with a business-like air, the instant she presented herself, "I spects you want to pump me. Out wid it," and she confronted him with an evident eagerness to be pumped.

Perhaps the solitary gold-piece looked lonely, and she hoped to gain a companion for it.

Philip did not have many questions to ask, but the few were put with the greatest possible care, and every one was to the point.

What he learned was briefly this:
Chloe had, in fact, been Jasper Laudersdale's servant previous to his second marriage.

She remembered her first mistress very well. She had been a "great lady," and everybody had loved her. Jasper had actually idolized her. She had died very suddenly—it was not precisely known of what complaint.

There had been but one child—a daughter scarcely more than two years old. On the very day of the first Mrs. Laudersdale's death the child had strayed away from her nurse, while they were walking in the grounds, and been drowned.

Thus had the husband and father been stricken by a double blow in the selfsame day.

The body of the child had never been recovered.

This was the purport of what Chloe had to tell in reply to Philip's eager questionings.

The young man could not learn that Jasper Laudersdale had even been acquainted with his present wife at the time of the first Mrs. Laudersdale's death.

When he finally turned to go away—after having pressed a second *douceur* upon the nowise unwilling Chloe—the light he had gained was very meager and unsatisfactory indeed.

"It can't be that Mabel is the child that was supposed to be drowned, and Mrs. Laudersdale is cognizant of that fact," he muttered thoughtfully, as he went striding down the lane. "If so, the truth ought to have been discovered long enough since."

Nevertheless, such a supposition explained much that was mysterious, and he could not thrust the idea lightly from his mind.

It strengthened his determination to bend every energy to the task of discovering what had become of the missing girl.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOWLEN'S SNARE.

Now, simply premising that Philip had gone on with his search for Mabel, though without finding a single clue to guide him, we will take up our narrative at the point where it was dropped in the last chapter but one.

A gleam of light had flashed upon Mabel while she stood at the top of the ruinous flight of stairs, seeking to make her escape from Het Bender's clutches.

A door had suddenly been opened within five or six feet of the spot where she stood. Mabel's feet seemed to be rooted to the floor at first. Her blue eyes dilated with terror and despair, and a low cry fell from her lips.

Old Het stood in the doorway, looking upon her with the malignant cunning of a fiend.

"Tryin' your wings, eh?" she chuckled.
"Yes, he! my pretty dove," she chuckled.

At the sound of that hated voice, Mabel broke the bonds of horror that held her powerless. Shrieking out at the top of her voice, she fled down the staircase into the pitting darkness of the lower hall.

At the same instant, the slipshod servant-girl named Peggy made her appearance.

"Arter her!" screamed Het, pushing the maid toward the stairs. "Don't let the hussy get away!"

Peggy scrambled down to the lower hall. She was familiar with the way, and her heroine was not. Consequently she was soon clasping in her brawny arms the shrinking figure she had found leaning against the wall.

"I've got her, Old Het," she bawled. "I've got her!"
"Hold her fast, then."

Het hobbled down the staircase to the spot where the two stood, chuckling to herself as she went.

"I spected 'what was up," she cried, shaking her fist in Mabel's white face, when she had reached her side. "I missed the key, and have been on the watch for ye. Lucky I did so, now wasn't it?"

The young girl was unable to answer.
"Sulky, eh? I don't wonder. It ain't very pleasant to be stopped when one has set her mind on runnin' away. But it was sort of necessary that we should stop you, my lady. So come along up-stairs and be locked in again. I've lost sleep enough on your 'count' already."

Then, as if a sudden suspicion had occurred to her, the female fury seized both Mabel's delicate wrists in one of her huge hands, and bent her ugly, distorted face close to the quivering one of her captive.

"Where did you get the key?" she hissed, sharply. "Who stole it out o' my box for you?"

Mabel did not answer.
"Speak!" screamed the tigress. "Was it Handsome Hal?"

"No," was the faint reply.
"You lie! Who else knew where I kept it? It was Hal: and you've bewitched him with your pink-and-white face. You've made a traitor of him. Don't you think I've seen it all? Oh, you vixen! I wish you'd been dead afore you ever crossed the threshold of this house!"

Her grasp on Mabel's wrist tightened until the latter almost screamed with pain. "Let me go, for the love of Heaven, let me go!" she moaned. "I tell you it was not Hal who gave me the key."

"Who, then?"
"I will not tell you."

She was determined, on no account, to betray Julia.

Old Het stood panting and bristling for several minutes, apparently undecided what to do. But finally she loosened her grip, and growled out in a savage tone of voice: "Come, my pretty, and be locked in."

Mabel suffered herself to be led up the

stairs again, between Old Het and Peggy. She was not conducted to the dormitory, however, but pushed into one of the smaller side-chambers.

"Go in there," said the old woman, as she closed the door upon her, "and do your plottin' and plannin' all to yourself. I reckon you'll not get out in a hurry, this time."

The moment she was left alone, Mabel fell to the floor in a half-unconscious state.

The reaction from hope to utter despair had proved too much for her.

The light of a new day was flooding the earth with its radiance when she again awoke to perfect consciousness.

But a few dim rays, however, penetrated to her squalid prison.

Several hours wore on, and nobody came nigh her. She was beginning to feel weak and ill from long fasting, when a key grated in the door-lock, and Julia entered the room, bringing a slice of bread and a cup of tea.

"Hush!" the ballet-girl whispered, seeing that Mabel was about to speak. "Not a word yet."

She carefully closed the door and approached closely to the captive's side.

"Now you may speak, my friend. But be careful to keep your voice lowered. Tell me how you happened to fail in making your escape last night."

Mabel hurriedly related what had occurred.

"I knew you were discovered and brought back again," Julia said, when the recital was ended, "but I did not know in what manner. And so you think Old Het has no suspicion that I gave you the key by which you let yourself out of the dormitory?"

"I am sure of it."

"So am I, in fact. To be frank, I've been abusing you roundly in her presence. She is convinced that I dislike you as bitterly as she does. Otherwise she would not have given me permission to bring up your breakfast."

The ballet-girl smiled at the thought of her own cleverness in managing Old Het.

"It was very kind of you to come," said Mabel, gently.

"I promised to be your friend, and I'll stick to my promise, let what will come of it. Now tell me as briefly as possible what you intend to do."

"Alas, I can do nothing."

"Have you no friends who will be looking for you?"

"Not one."

The words had scarcely escaped the girl's lips when she thought of Philip. He had seemed to be deeply interested in her welfare. She had no right to doubt the sincerity and strength of his friendship.

"I was wrong," she added, lastly, a burning blush mantling her cheeks. "There is one who, I am satisfied, would spare no effort to effect my release, did he know where to find me."

"Your lover?" said Julia, slyly.
"No, he is not my lover," Mabel replied, blushing more deeply than ever.

"What is his name?"
"Philip Jocelyn."

The face of the ballet-girl brightened with a sudden resolution. "Tell me where to find him," she cried, "and I will take any message to him that you may see fit to send."

"Alas, I can not."

Julia looked very much surprised. "Does he reside in New York?" she asked, after a minute's thinking.

"He does."

"Then I may succeed in finding him. Meanwhile, have you no other friend upon whom you can rely?"

For manifest reasons, Mabel dared not send her new acquaintance to Woodlawn, since everybody there, save Mr. Laudersdale himself, was opposed to her; so she slowly shook her head.

Julia now turned to go. "I dare not linger a moment longer," she said. "But, don't despair. Something may be done, even yet; and I'll manage to see you again as soon as possible."

With these encouraging words, she went away.

Old Het, meanwhile, was sipping gin and water in the privacy of her own apartment, and busily revolving a scheme that had suggested itself to her fertile brain the day before.

But for this "scheme" I am inclined to think she would have suffered Mabel to escape without attempting interference of any sort, so jealous was she of the influence the lonely but hapless girl was likely to exert upon Handsome Hal.

Even the passion of greed was less strong than the other passion.

But, by carrying out the "scheme" that had suggested itself, she might, at the same time, get rid of her hated rival, and have a terrible revenge upon her for having attracted Hal's admiration.

She hoped, too, to be able to realize a larger sum of money than she was likely to obtain by keeping Mabel a prisoner.

The nature of the "scheme" we will now proceed to unfold.

About two hours after dark, when the ballet-girls had departed for the various theaters where they were employed, Old Het, after having given Peggy special injunctions to keep a close watch upon Mabel, dressed herself with more than usual care, and quitted the house.

Having turned her back on the precincts of Slaughter-house Point, she hailed a passing cab, and proceeded in the direction of upper Broadway.

"I reckon I can afford to treat myself to a ride," she chuckled, on finding herself comfortably seated inside the vehicle. "For if I don't make money out of this journey, and a good bit, too, my name ain't Het Bender."

And a smile of satisfaction curled her thin lips.

Having arrived in the vicinity of upper Broadway, the woman dismissed the cab, intending to finish her journey on foot.

With the air of a person perfectly familiar with the neighborhood, she directed her steps to a somewhat imposing building, from the windows of which bright lights were flashing.

A servant answered her ring, and she stepped into a richly-furnished hall the instant the door was opened sufficiently wide to admit her.

Two or three doors leading from this hall stood ajar; and the low murmur of voices, mingled with the rattling of dice and jingling of glasses, came distinctly to the old woman's ears from the room beyond.

In brief, she was in what is termed a first-class faro house.

"Your business, madam?" said the servant, politely; in these modern halls it is the custom to be polite to everybody.

"I want to see Gilbert Belmont," she replied, gruffly. "Tell him it's Old Het, and he won't be likely to keep me waitin'. He knows me too well for that."

The servant departed with the message. In less than five minutes thereafter, the tall, handsome figure of Gilbert Belmont was to be seen advancing along the hall.

The reader is about to know more of this man's true character than Marcia Denvil herself knew. He was a "gambler in good luck."

A slight frown contracted his handsome brow as he approached the spot where Old Het was standing.

"What brings you here?" he asked, in any thing but a pleased tone of voice.

"Business," she answered, briefly.

"Confound it, woman, do you mean *your* business or *mine*?"

"Yours."

His countenance brightened, and he looked at her sharply for a minute or two. "Come into the blue-room," he said, leading the way to a small side apartment, the key of which he produced from one of his pockets. "We'll not be interrupted here."

The old woman kept close to his heels, chuckling slyly as they proceeded. "Now, Jezebel," he cried, confronting her the instant they were safely closeted together, "speak out! Tell me what brought you here?"

"I've netted a bird for you."

The eyes of the two met for a moment; a dull glitter came into the orbs of Gilbert Belmont. "A bird?" he repeated.

"That's what I said, sir," and Old Het showed her fang-like teeth in a horrible grin. "A regular built angel, sir. I doubt if you've seen any thing like her for a month of Sundays."

"Capital. Who is she?"

"She calls herself Mabel Trevor."

"And where is she to be found?"

FROGS.

BY H. M. C.

Down among the dewy rushes,
Where the rippling brooklet gushes,
Nestling down among the bushes,
See the frogs.

Hear their dreary, dismal croaking,
While their little feet they're soaking;
We think they're cross; they're only joking,
Are the frogs.

Oh, thou animal amphibious!
Of cold water only fabulous;
You seem to say, "Kind Christians, pity us,
We are frogs."

How I wonder how it seems,
When at night the moonlight gleams,
Do you animals have dreams
Of other frogs?

Of tadpoles young and frogs so old,
That naughty boys both bad and bold
Have tortured, and to caterers sold
The legs of frogs.

That epicures so much do relish,
And all pronounce perfectly delicate—
Ions, and ahead of any fish?
Pray tell us, frogs.

We can not tell—no man can gang;
The hidden charm of your language,
So we'll postpone till another age
Our ode to frogs.

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALESMAN," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

It was with a thrill of horror that Pearl
recognized her old enemy and persecutor.

Despair, dread, a feeling of a soul oppressed—all these preyed overwhelmingly upon her, as she gazed, with a terrified expression, into the evil, sneering, triumphant visage of the man from whose clutches she had thought herself free.

He transferred his hold, in a painful grip, to her wrist, and half-hissed, half-growled, as he eyed her frowningly:

"So, yer tho't yer'd get away, eh? Yer tho't yer'd beat me, eh? But yer was wrong, gal; yer couldn't get away from Rover, yer couldn't—"

"How—how did you find me?" she panted, while her heart was nearly standing still, and her face turning pale as death.

"For, she knew the man was a brutal wretch, a character to hesitate at nothing that crossed the desires of his evil nature. She trembled for herself; her tongue refused to mold the utterance of her lips.

And he marked the fear his presence inspired, for he grinned devilishly, and squeezed his hard hand tighter round her wrist; while she struggled heroically to keep down the outcry the pain of his rude grasp threatened to force up.

"How did I find yer, gal? Why, I'd 'a' found yer if yer'd gone to the other end of the world. One o' my boys seen yer goin' off with the other boy, an' 'e tracked yer. He met my ole woman, an' told 'er what was up, an' told 'er to tell me to come over to Washington, that he'd meet me at the depot when I got here. So 'e did. He's a bright 'un, he is. He follered yer up here, an' when I come over on the next train, I saw 'im, an' 'e told me where you was, an' I come here to watch for yer, an' I've caught yer, an' I'll teach yer—"

"Oh! let go of me—let me go!" she cried, making a frantic effort to release herself.

"Hold on here. No, yer don't, my chick. None o' that now," threateningly, and only gripping the harder.

"Let me go!" she wailed, fighting him with her disengaged hand.

Rover saw that this thing would not do. Her cries and the noise might attract the attention of a policeman.

"Shut up that racket," he snapped, "or I'll kill yer!"

"Let me go! Let me go!" she screamed.

"D—n yer! I'll—"

"Help! Help!" rung piercingly on the still night air; and—

"Help it is!" echoed a voice, close at hand.

Succor was near.

Rover vented a blasphemous oath, and attempted to take her up in his arms.

But her struggles deflected him.

There was a quick footstep beside them; a third party dashed upon the scene.

"Scoundrel!" uttered a deep voice.

Thud! fell a blow on the villain's head that sent him reeling across the curb. Pearl leaped to the protecting arms of her rescuer, with a joyous cry.

Rover recovered himself, and, snarling a malediction on the head of him who had so opportunely interfered, he strode forward to retaliate, with his huge fists doubled, and evil face red with rage.

"He'll kill you!" whispered Pearl, uneasily.

"Kill who?—me? Guess not," was the brief return; and he added, addressing Rover: "Now—rascal!—you come within two feet of me, and I'll riddle your head off, by thunder!"

The street lamp shone full upon the faces of the two men.

Of all the weapons with which to fight a coward, the human eye is the keenest—for a coward fears the glance of a brave and honest man.

Pearl's rescuer eyed the fellow steadily, fully prepared to meet any attack; and Rover paused before him, hesitating.

"Now, you'd better be off, or I'll give you some more of the same sort!" with a meaning nod.

Rover wheeled abruptly from the spot, looking back at them, and shaking his clenched fist, while he muttered:

"I'll fix yer yet for this!—mind!"

"Well, girl, who is that villain?" asked Pearl's new friend, when Rover had disappeared in the direction of the Friends' meeting-house.

"Oh, he's a wicked, wicked man!" she exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Umph! Sould say he was. But who is he?"

"I don't know, except that his name is Rover. I escaped from him, in Baltimore, only to-day—"

"Escaped from him, eh?"

"Yes, sir. He had me confined in a damp, dirty cellar, and said he would keep me there until I promised to—to—steal," and her head bowed, and the last words came whisperingly from her lips.

"Steal, eh? The rogue!"

"But I got away from him," she continued. "He had other children there, and one of them helped me out. I would have

been in his power again, though, if it hadn't been for you; and he's so wicked, I don't know what he might have done to me."

"Torn you to pieces, perhaps—the tiger-like ruffian! But, come now, you'd better run ho— Do you live in Washington?"

"Yes, sir, I did—"

"Do, eh? So. Well, you'd better run home now—run along. I'll watch you till you're out of sight. Guess there's no danger; and—"

But Pearl did not move.

"Well, why don't you go?"

She looked pleadingly up into his not unkind face, and there were tears gathering in her eyes.

"Oh, sir! I have no home to go to. I am all alone in the world—all alone."

"Eh? Why, you said you lived here, in Washington?"

"So I did, at one time; but that's past. And it was a happy, happy home, until they told me papa was dead. From that hour, all that could make a young life like mine miserable came to fill my heart with sorrow. I am not a beggar, sir; time was—and it's only a short week ago—when all that mind could wish for, or wealth furnish, was given me. But papa—papa—died; and—"

"—mamma—she's gone far away—maybe I'll never see her again. When I came back to the dear old house, to-night, it was all deserted and dark—not one sign to welcome me. All my dear friends are gone; no one of them knows how unfortunate I have been; and I have thought that God would be merciful, if he called me to Him."

She buried her face in her hands, and the tears that were ready to start, now poured down her cheeks, as she sobbed out her bitterness of spirit.

He looked at her with widened eyes, as he listened to this utterance of woe, and was astonished at the language—so correct and soulful—with which the (to him) mere child made known so much of her trouble.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed, still staring, and he added, immediately, in his blunt way, though a little softer:

"Well, now, this won't do—never in the world! Here, come along with me. I'll soon fix things right. Come—"

"Where to?" she asked, looking up through her tears, while a sweet hope arose in her bosom.

"Where to? Why, to my house, of course! Come along."

"Oh, sir! Do you mean it?—will you take me to your house?—for I believe you are kind-hearted—you look so."

"Mean it! Gad! of course I mean it. I feel wonderfully interested in you. So, come along now. Come—"

Pearl's heart beat with joy as she started off with him, for she felt sure she could not be mistaken in believing him to be a man of generous heart and sincere nature.

"What's your name, my girl?"

"Pearl."

"Pearl? What else?"

"Never mind my other name, please."

For, abrupt as had been the question, as suddenly it had flashed upon her, that, to tell her full name might make a "scandal" in that society where her stepmother was so extensively known; and she resolved that nothing should be said against "mamma," even if Cassa had been right, when she said that Paine and her stepmother were plotting in common against her.

And though he insisted, she was firm. Her last name was held sacred and unuttered.

She had, indeed, at last found a friend.

At his house, he ordered the servants to supply her every want, and attended to all that could make her comfortable and contented.

On the staircase, he bade her good-night, and said, as he held her hand a moment:

"Get a good sleep. I want you to look rosy in the morning."

Then, as she left him, and followed the servant-maid up to her room, he gazed after her, and uttered to himself:

"By George! I'm wonderfully interested in that girl. I must know more about her. Wonder who she is, anyhow?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

It was a blessed haven that had opened to Pearl.

Cyrus Cruffold, her new-found friend, was a blunt-spoken man of some forty odd years, yet sincere of nature, generous of heart, and not the one to refuse that aid which it was in his power to render the unhappy child.

His residence was not far from Pearl's recent home; but, as he had not been at the Capital much over a month, he had not, as yet, heard much of Mrs. Rochestine, though the name was familiar to him.

He was from New York—himself and family, of wife and servants with an intimate friend of his wife's, who had not long been in America.

It was a cozy, comfortable room to which Pearl was conducted, after exchanging "good-night" with her friend, and the young girl slept soundly—a feeling of safety and rest within her, that she had not known for three weary days past.

When she awoke next morning, and prepared to descend, she was glad to see, by a glance at the mirror, that she could "look rosy"—as Cyrus Cruffold had expressed it.

At sound of the bell, she went down-stairs. Cruffold was at the foot of the balustrade, evidently waiting for her, and, on her appearance, he extended both hands in a warm, cheerful greeting.

"Good-morning," he said, in his blunt way. "Ah! you've got the roses on your cheeks. 'Um! Good. You slept well."

"Oh, yes"—taking the outstretched hands, and smiling as she looked into his kind face; "I did sleep very nicely. You are very kind to me, Mr.—" not till then did it strike her that she had not ascertained the name of him to whom she felt so grateful, and she blushed as she hesitated.

"Cruffold," said the name. Cruffold, he prompted; then added: "and Cruffold is a friend of yours. Come now, we'll go in to breakfast. Don't be timid at all."

But Pearl was a little timid, notwithstanding, and she kept close by his side, as if she feared that she might still further need his protection.

Two ladies were seated at the table. One of these was Mrs. Cruffold. The other was Estelle Berkely.

When we last saw her, her face had lost much of its natural color, the half-imperious, queenly carriage of the head was missing; and the eyes, that were once so brilliant and piercing, were now a little heavy, and, at times, restless in their expression.

Something was gnawing at the woman's heart; mind and body were suffering.

Mrs. Cruffold, Miss Berkely—a surprise for you," said Cyrus Cruffold, as he gently pushed Pearl forward.

They gazed in astonishment.

"Why, Cyrus, what does this mean? Who is this?"

Estelle was looking hard at the child, a strange, bewildered light in her eyes, as she scanned the features of the unexpected comer.

"It means," replied Cruffold, "that this is Miss Pearl, a dear young friend of mine—stop: explanations in due time, Mrs. Cruffold. No more at present. Pearl, sit down—here, alongside of me."

Mrs. Cruffold was mystified. But she asked no further questions; for, when her husband said "no more at present," she knew that importunities would be useless.

As Pearl's name was uttered, Estelle started slightly, and there was a scarce perceptible arching of her brows. A look of recognition swept, for a second, over her face.

Pearl departed herself in a way that delighted Cyrus Cruffold. He soon discovered that she was educated far beyond her years—in short, that she was a woman in all but age.

Each moment that passed found him more and more interested, until, in his enthusiastic attentions, his habits of bluntness almost entirely vanished, and smiles that were rarely seen on his face, were following his speeches in rapid succession.

Mrs. Cruffold marked the scene with half-jealous eyes.

After breakfast, Cyrus Cruffold escorted his protégée into the parlor. In one corner stood a guitar of rare workmanship, and, as Pearl caught sight of it, she could have leaped toward it and grasped it in her eager hands.

She had one at her old home, and had been carefully instructed in its use. Many a pleasant hour had been passed in company with it, playing or singing, too, the little tunes or songs, she knew her father liked so well. It was one of her favorites.

"What a beautiful guitar!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and gazing longingly at the instrument.

"Eh? Can you play on it?"

"Oh, yes; I'm very fond of it."

In a trice, he had seated her on a sofa, and placed the guitar in her lap.

"Now then, play—go on," and his eyes danced as he watched her intently.

"Shall I sing, too?" she asked.

"Sing? Of course—by all means! Sing."

It was a sweet, stirring song that the young girl rendered—accompanying herself on the guitar with clear, mellow, liquid chords.

He listened raptly.

The ladies, who had retired to a window, ceased their conversation as the child's voice—which was cultured beyond belief—awoke soft, murmuring strains of music such as had never before been heard in the broad parlors of that fashion-draped edifice.

"Bravo! Bravo!" he exclaimed, delightedly, clapping his hands when she had finished. "Ladies, did you hear? There's music in that."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Cruffold, carelessly; "we often hear a melodious ditty on the curbstone of the street—by children who never knew who their parents were. But—ayho!" (a half sigh and yawn)—"I suppose music is all the more enchanting from the lips of an artful siren," and with a curl of her aristocratic lip, she turned again to look out through the window.

The guitar might tell for Pearl's lap. The inspiration of her to the heart, and there was an expression of acute pain in her lovely face, as the deep-blue eyes turned quickly on the speaker.

Cyrus Cruffold reddened to the temples. He wheeled upon his wife with a suddenness that was alarming. And, for the first time since his marriage, he spoke harshly.

"Madam, understand me: this is no mere street child—no common waif—no offspring of shame—no escaped straw from a bed of vice. She is a good, pure, beautiful girl, whom I love—do you hear me, madam? Whom I love!" And he will do well to hope that our children may be as finely cultured as she is. I say again, madam: do you understand me?"

It was the outburst of an honest anger—the justified resentment of a true champion.

An ominous stillness fell upon them.

Pearl went to the side of the woman who had spoken the unkind words.

"Madam," she said, in her low, sweet voice, "I am very, very sorry that you think any thing wrong of me. Indeed, my name is as good as yours—untainted and as high in standing. But if my presence is unpleasant to you, I'll go away, at once. Shall I?"

And Estelle Berkely, looking out through the window-pane, thought to herself:

"Yes, little one, if any thing, your name is better than hers. I know you, Pearl Rochestine, and I am wondering what all this mystery means."

But, almost before Pearl had ceased speaking, Cyrus pulled her away, with a "No, you won't do any thing of the kind! You'll stay right here, in this house, just as long as you please, and those who don't like the arrangement can make the best of it—"

"I can not intrude," protested Pearl.

"But you shall! If you don't stay of your own accord, I'll lock you up! Madam—to Mrs. Cruffold—"probably you imagine that I am mad—but I am not; I am angry—I am surprised—hear? Don't let this thing happen again in my house. I regret that it has even gone this far—but this child worships the same God I do, and, by her purity and golden attributes, demands protection!" and he drew Pearl to him affectionately, while she could have fallen on her knees before him, in her gratefulness of heart.

He was indeed a protector.

He was angered almost to spitefulness; for in his generous heart the friendless child had already won a place of affection, that no outside influence could disturb, except to strengthen.

"Come," he said, "play another tune—for me."

"No, Mr. Cruffold, I can not play again."

He saw what she meant, and chafed the more.

"On the piano, then—can you play on the piano?"

"Yes, a little—"

"Play for me, then. I say, for me."

"Don't ask me, Mr. Cruffold. I would be glad to do any thing to please you, but—I'll never touch another instrument in your house again—never."

He took her gently by the wrist, and strode out into the hall.

"Go to your room now, Pearl, and don't give anybody a chance to hurt your feelings. I've got to go out. I'll be back soon, and we'll take a ride together—and go shopping, too. Remember: if you run away, I'll send detectives after you, and bring you back," and ere Pearl knew what he intended, he snatched a quick kiss from her lips—then slapped on his hat and went out, banging the door after him.

Mrs. Cruffold did not learn any thing from her husband, in regard to the child, as a consequence of this little domestic explosion; the days went by, without an explanation of the mystery, and her curiosity augmented in proportion, with no prospects of its satisfaction.

Estelle Berkely made friends with Pearl. She sought out the young girl, every day—was kind and affectionate toward her.

The child did not dream that the woman who was gradually winning her love had encompassed the destruction of her father.

A sort of remorse had seized upon Estelle Berkely; and, in that feeling, she was striving to atone, by forcing herself to love the child of the man whose infatuation with her had led him to the point of a rival's sword.

She knew well enough what Pearl was, but kept the knowledge to herself, while she assisted Cyrus Cruffold in making her happy.

But she wondered, all the time, how it was that Pearl happened in such circumstances. Cruffold told her all he had learned from the young girl's lips; but Pearl would not disclose more than what she had uttered on the night she first met the generous friend who was doing so much for her, and who, by his acts of kindness, was sowing sunbeams through the clouds of her eventful life.

To their repeated questions she was firm, yet gently reticent.

So the first week went by. The second had nearly slipped round, when one day, while Pearl and Estelle were seated in the parlor, glancing over some drawings, the latter asked, suddenly:

"What are you thinking about, Pearl? Tell me."

"I will, Miss Berkely. I've made up my mind to go away."

"What! Oh, no—quit jesting. Those are serious words, Pearl."

"And I feel serious when I speak so, Miss Berkely."

She saw that the child was deeply in earnest.

"Why, Pearl, what can this mean?"

"Maybe I am wrong," she said, gazing down, and speaking in a hushed tone, "but I think I am right. Mrs. Cruffold almost hates me—and I don't know why, for I have tried ever so hard to deserve her love. Ever since the day I came here she has kept away from me, wherever I move; and I can see that Mr. Cruffold is worried about it. I don't want to make their lives unhappy—I know too well what sorrow is, to bring it on any one; so I've made up my mind to go away—though it will nearly break—my heart—"

She has a soul of gold!" thought Estelle Berkely, as her bosom warmed anew toward the child.

Ere they could speak further, a servant announced two visitors without cards.

Estelle glanced up in surprise; then a startled look came into her face.

"Visitors? to see me?"

"Yes'm."

"Admit them."

The comers were Kirk Brand and Neal Hardress.

Is this Miss Estelle Berkely?" he asked, politely, though it was only politeness, for he knew her well.

"It is," she answered, rising.

"Then, madam, we have rather an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Yes—very unpleasant," supplemented Brand.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded.

The startled look in her face was more perceptible, the hand that Pearl held began to tremble.

We are detectives, madam, of the London force. It is seldom our duties compel us to such a case as this; but business is business, you know, and when the law commands we must obey. I am very sorry, but—"

"You are here, then, to arrest me?" she nearly screamed, in a sudden desperation.

"Yes, madam, to arrest you," said Hardress, as quietly as possible. "Let me hope that you will obey the summons of the law, without force."

"O-h, God! I have been expecting this, day after day. It has come at last!"

She buried her face in her hands, and her head bowed hopelessly down.

"Why, Miss Berkely," cried Pearl, winding her arms around her, "what do they mean? What have you done to be arrested?"

"Pearl! Pearl Rochestine, they are going to arrest me for murder! But I am innocent!—I swear I am innocent of the horrible crime!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 125.)

Strangely Wed: OR, WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADORER," "GRIFF'S DE-
CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

A DOUBLE-CARRIAGE was in waiting for the little party as they emerged from the court-room—Justine and Gerald, Arthur Clare and Doctor Chalmers. They entered it, and Mr. Clare gave the direction to the coachman, to the Centreton Hotel; but Justine turned to clasp her hand upon his arm.

"Oh

Old Naome lives by herself in a comfortable little cottage near The Terrace, and has a liberal annuity secured to her by the grateful ones whom she served so faithfully.

Mace has been made master of the stables. He had learned from Finette's chatter of Miss Gardiner's presence in Justine's room that night, and had watched and waited vainly for some chance of reaching her without bringing inevitable exposure upon them both.

Justine did not forget the gray, nervous little woman at the mysterious house, nor the debt of gratitude she owed her. Mrs. Wert lives a life of ease at The Terrace, and the novelty she finds in comparative happiness has actually brought a tinge of color into her pale face.

Miss Gardiner has plunged into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The canker of disappointment has gone far to undermine her fair beauty of old. While she cared nothing for the world's homage, it was poured bounteously at her feet; now that she seeks it, the bubble eludes her grasp. It is whispered that she has become a termagant in her own household.

Finette deserted her mistress to join her fortunes with those of Michael, the footman, who is still retained at The Terrace.

Of the other characters which this story incidentally embraces, let us hope they are all happy and prosperous according to their merits.

Kind friends, adieu!

THE END.

Double-Death: OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
(LAUNCE PONTYNE),
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF
THE RUBIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORM.

A cold, driving storm of snow and sleet beat in the faces of the two travelers, as they hurried on through the darkness. John Barbour leading the way. Everard's heart was full of bitterness, and the unfriendly aspect of the heavens increased his gloom. That morning his prospects had looked so bright, and now they seemed irretrievably blasted. By a single act of imprudence he had drawn upon himself the anger of a man who was said never to forgive, and now he was committing a second act, not only imprudent, but in the stern view of military law, unpardonable. He was "breaking his arrest."

And for what purpose? He could hardly tell himself, except that his father had suddenly appeared as if dropped from the clouds, and persuaded him to go somewhere with him, on the idea of going to the Commander-in-chief. And if he got there, what was he to say to this stern and unbending General, just and kind though he was reputed to be? How could he excuse his conduct, save by a vague accusation of treason against his General, which he had nothing to support but his bare word?

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he was tempted to turn back, and throw himself on the mercy of his General. He felt convinced that he had wronged him, and the remembrance of his commander's former kindness began to make itself felt.

He actually stopped in the street—they were just out of Pine street into Delaware street, that ran along the river—and would have turned back, but his father caught him by the arm as if anticipating his intention.

"We are almost there, lad," he said, hurriedly. "Yonder is the schooner in which we sail, and in an hour more we shall be safe at sea. Come."

"Oh! sir, let me go back," said Everard, quite broken down for the moment. "I can not desert. This is nothing but desertion."

"Boy," said John Barbour, earnestly, "when you were a child you trusted to me, and I did every thing for your good. Have I become hateful to you now? I tell you that behind you lies disgrace, before you lie fame, riches and honor, if you will trust me. Come. It is too late to recede, for you have already broken your arrest."

The last words decided Everard.

With a resigned shrug of the shoulders he followed his father, and the next minute the full force of the north-east storm struck them, as they went out of the shelter of the corner across Delaware street, toward the dock. The tall, naked masts of a schooner rose up through the gloom, relieved against the faint yellowish glow of the stormy sky, and toward this schooner John Barbour proceeded. A light was burning in the binnacle, and several dark, muffled-up figures were moving about the deck.

The old Tory stepped aboard, and he seemed to be expected, for no one made any remark as he proceeded to the cabin, and motioned Everard to follow him. The young officer did so, and found himself in the small cabin of an ordinary trading-vessel, a little more elegant perhaps than most, but only provided with a single table, and benches secured to the floor, besides the two rows of berths.

"Stay here, Everard," whispered John Barbour, as if apprehensive of being heard. "Every thing is ready, but we may have trouble in getting out. I must go on deck to see to things."

Everard gloomily nodded, and threw off the hat and cloak in which he had been muffled, setting down his valise on the table. He remained sitting, with his head buried in his hands, forgetful of his surroundings, till he heard a great clattering and stamping overhead. After a while this was still, and then again came the noise of feet rushing about, and the creaking of ropes and blocks. In a very few minutes too, the vessel began to heave and roll as if it was putting out to sea, and Everard rose and went up the companion-way to look out.

He saw the crew, consisting of some dozen men, gathered at the bow of the vessel, hauling at a rope which seemed to be stretched some distance out into the river. The cold wind and cutting sleet were exceedingly bitter, and Everard shivered and drew back under the shelter of the hatchway, to watch with more comfort.

The vessel slowly forged ahead away from the wharf, the wind blowing diagonally toward the mouth of the river, till she had attained a position nearly a hundred

fathoms from the head of the dock, when she seemed to be short over her anchor. Then the men scattered and ran aft, and Everard saw the mainsail slowly rising in the air under their strength. In a few minutes it was set, and the boat swung round, head to the biting tempest, when again the crew rushed forward and hauled at the cable. Everard, in his ignorance of nautical affairs, understood nothing, till a heavy jerk, that seemed to shake the little vessel from stem to stern, announced that the anchor had left its bed in the Delaware mud, and the men flew at the foot of the foremast like tigers, while the vessel went surging down the river. In a moment more, with a terrible roaring and flapping, the jib rose slowly in the air; the wind caught it, and swelled it out like a balloon; the vessel spun round on her heel, and went shooting down the river before the full force of the heavy gale and powerful current, like a race-horse in his first half-mile.

The air in the little hatchway where Everard stood became calm and quiet, now that the vessel was fairly under way; the men were all busy in different places, belaying ropes and making every thing snug, and Everard beheld his father, elephantine in aspect, muffled in a huge pea-jacket, with great sea-boots on, coming toward the cabin once more.

"Keep her steady, Jim," said the old man. "We shall open the fort lights in a very few minutes now. Ha! there they are, and there's the guard-boat. If they stop us to-night, they'll have good shots aboard."

And John Barbour laughed defiantly. Everard noticed that even in the dark his father appeared to better advantage than he had. There was an air of jollity and careless courage in his broad red face, very different from the ill temper that had marked it while he was playing the spy ashore. He seemed to be more in his element on the deck of the schooner than he had been when in disguise in Philadelphia.

Everard retired into the cabin, where he hastily muffled himself in his cloak and fastened his hat securely to his head. He had resolved to go on deck and see how they were going to get through. Moreover, the close, stifling air of the cabin made him feel sick, together with the motion of the vessel, and he wanted to be outside.

When he got on deck it was blowing harder than ever, and the sleet, freezing as it fell, had covered the decks as with a sheet of glass. Ahead of them, on either side of the river, were two lights, which seemed to be approaching with great rapidity, as the banks of the river drove by.

A third light, out in the river itself, was tossing up and down violently, indicating what a heavy sea was running.

Everard went aft to the binnacle, and found his father standing by the helmsman. John Barbour was evidently in command of the schooner, though his son wondered where he had got his nautical knowledge.

"Steady, Jim," was the warning command. "Keep her full, lad. Now we'll soon see what the guard-boat fellows are made of."

As he spoke, the schooner went sweeping down through the gloom toward the tossing light, which speedily revealed itself in the shape of a long, low row-boat, crowded with men, pulling across their forefoot.

A hoarse hail came across the water as they approached.

"Schooner, ahoy! Heave to, or we'll fire into you!"

"Fire away!" shouted John Barbour, at the top of his voice, and down swept the schooner straight on the boat. Everard saw his father seize the helm with his own hands, and the schooner's bow gave a wide sheer as she bore down so as to aim at the boat amidships.

The commander of the boat appeared to be very much excited about them, and shouted out some orders to his crew. Instantly there was a loud crash of oars, as the rowers bent to them, with frantic efforts to escape the doom of being run down. There was a broad, bright flash, the roar of a gun, and a round shot went humming over the heads of the men in the schooner, harmlessly enough. The next moment the bows of the vessel struck the boat on the quarter, and passed over her as if she had been only a canoe, leaving a crowd of dark figures in the water.

Everard was horror-stricken. They were his own comrades, soldiers of the Continental army, that were being thus slaughtered. But he could do nothing to help them. Almost before he had fully realized what was being done, the schooner had left the poor, freezing, drowning wretches in the river far behind, and was careering away between the two lights on the banks, out toward the open sea.

John Barbour kept the helm, and seemed to be well acquainted with the passage, for he steered boldly on.

Flash! Boom!

A gun from near the light, on the right bank of the river, gave token that the people of the fort had realized that something was wrong. In spite of the darkness, the shot passed close astern, proving that the artillerymen had the range perfectly, and could see the white sails.

Flash! Boom!

A second gun followed, from the opposite side of the river.

The shot crossed their bows, and went skipping over the water for a long distance.

It was too dark for good practice. The schooner kept on faster than ever, and before another gun could be fired, had put one of the lights out of sight behind a projecting point of the bank.

The next gun was wilder than the first, and satisfied Everard that they were out of danger. The excitement had kept the feeling of sickness off him so far, but as the schooner got more and more outside, and left the lee of the land, the swell became heavier every moment, and the motion of the vessel altogether too much for one wholly unused to it. Everard was obliged to go below, where for a time he forgot every thing else in the martyrdom of sea-sickness.

John Barbour did not come down-stairs till the first streaks of dawn lighted up the east, and then he looked sanguine and cheerful.

"Everard, my boy," he said to his son, "thank Heaven we are out of the clutches of the cursed rebels at last. In twenty-four hours more we'll be off the Jersey coast, and safe in New York harbor, under the guns of his blessed majesty's cruisers. Hurrah for King George and down with all Yankees!"

In spite of his miserable state, Everard started up, dismayed.

"In New York, sir?" he faltered. "You

told me we were going to see the Commander-in-chief, whose head-quarters are at Morristown."

"All's fair in war," returned John Barbour, indifferently. "You may as well know it all, first as last. Your General owns an interest in this vessel, and has been trading with New York ever so long. I have been his agent. We cooked up this plot together ourselves, and the best thing you can do is to join the king's forces. You can not escape the consequences of what has been woven round you for the last six months. Come, boy, I'm your father. I brought you up in truth and honor. Do you think I would counsel you to do wrong? No. Abandon the sinking cause of these insolent rebels, and join the armies of your king as an officer and a gentleman. I have worked and toiled for this end for months. Everard, when you thought me cold. Why should you cling to these people? The very girl whose influence engaged you with them has been false to you, and she who is worth a hundred such, a lady of wealth and refinement, stands ready to marry you to-morrow. You can not hesitate, boy. Nay, you'll join us."

Everard trembled all over.

"Leave me, sir," he said, in a low tone.

"You have woven the web of deceit too well. I may be disgraced without meriting it, but will I never consent to it willingly. Consider me a prisoner."

"You're excited, boy," said John Barbour, soothingly. "You shall have due time to consider, and remember that *Miss Lucy will be in New York when we get there.*"

And John Barbour returned on deck, leaving Everard in a maze of doubt and despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

In spite of John Barbour's prediction as to time, it was fully five days before the schooner approached the harbor of New York. Although her course down the Delaware river had been excessively rapid, owing to the favoring gale, once outside of Cape May, troubles set in. The wind kept in its old quarter, and consequently was directly in their teeth. Everard, tormented with sea-sickness, and miserable with mental trouble, seeing no way of escape from the web of treachery woven round him by the hand of his own father, was only conscious of being tossed about here and there, wishing that he could die and end it all.

But at the end of the third day the schooner, which had been driven far out of her course in beating up along the coast, experienced a change of wind. The sky cleared of the gray, murky clouds that had covered it, the wind chopped round to the south, south-west, and finally west, and the sun shone brilliantly out overhead. The vessel beat up toward Raritan bay, the gale from the west strengthening on the second day, but at last they sighted the low white coast of Sandy Hook, and beheld the sails of several men-of-war hovering about the coast, while the naked masts and yards of some more could be seen above the low ground of Sandy Hook.

Everard had come on deck, seduced by the fine weather, and nearly over his sea-sickness. He found his father eagerly inspecting the strange vessels through his telescope, while the little schooner held on her way toward the mouth of the harbor, with all her sails set as flat as a board, and eating up into the wind, point by point.

There were nearly twenty of the strangers, most of them stately line-of-battle ships, with double rows of grinning black ports, lofty spars and immense yards. They were scattered about in a line, several miles in length, forming a half-moon, which closed the mouth of the bay within its sweep.

A high sea was running, sparkling brightly in the sun, and a keen cold gale was blowing straight out of the mouth of the harbor, rendering it a very difficult task to get in at all.

John Barbour noticed his son first.

"Ha! Everard. We shall not get in without some trouble, sir. There's the French fleet, under De Grasse, blockading our vessels. But they can't catch us, sir. Let them try."

As he spoke, the hostile fleet seemed for the first time to notice the approach of the tiny schooner, for one of the stately three-deckers that was lying hove-to, along with the rest, filled her maintopmast and came down, like a ponderous and unwieldy elephant marching to trample on a rat.

The schooner kept straight on her course, as if to meet the man-of-war, but, when within a few cable lengths, suddenly tacked, and ran under the first-rate's stern. The Frenchman, evidently thinking she was the bearer of some message, hove to, and in so doing, allowed the schooner to shoot to windward, while he drifted alee. The little schooner continued on her course without deigning to halt for the French ship, and was instantly warned of the danger by a gun fired from the dark sides of the ship. But the water was too rough for good practice, though the shot whistled between the schooner's masts, and Everard could see that the ruse practiced had put the whole line of the hostile fleet *à lise*. It was all that was necessary. Large square-rigged ships as they were, were nowhere in a chase dead to windward, after a Yankee schooner. The only danger remained in their guns, while the little vessel remained within range, and they apparently realized this. First one and then another of the ships opened fire on the audacious little hooker, that was laying over to the northwest, till the sea flowed in at her lee gunners, hugging the wind closely, the shot flying over and around her, and sending showers of spray over her decks.

But, as if by a miracle, she was untouched by the first broadside, and after that the danger grew less every moment, with increasing distance. As if in saucy defiance, the red field and Union-jack of the British ensign was flung out over the taffrail of the little vessel, and greeted with a perfect tempest of shot.

"A miss is as good as a mile," quoth John Barbour, coolly, as he watched the harmless balls go skipping over the sea. "A little more, and boy! for old England!"

Everard said nothing. His mood of mind was inexpressibly bitter. He was fatally compromised. Even if the French vessels took the schooner, how could he explain his own presence on board a blockade runner under the English flag? And yet the natural excitement of the chase had buoyed him up for awhile, till he saw that the schooner was fast dropping the men-of-war, and already had arrived close to Coney Island. As she "went about" for the op-

posite shore, she had again to run the gantlet of the fleet's broadsides, but they were at too great a distance now to be dangerous, and seemed to have come to the sullen conclusion that the impudent schooner must escape, for they remained hove to, and only a few long-range shots were fired, none of which damaged the schooner.

Once inside the harbor, John Barbour headed his course up the Narrows and spoke gravely to his son.

"Everard," he said, "you have worn that uniform long enough. If you wish to enter New York as a prisoner, you can do so, but I would advise you to go below and put on a suit of plain clothes. I am going to present you to Sir Henry Clinton as soon as we land. Decide quickly, and do not forget your real duty to your father in your own idea of duty to your country, as you call it."

Everard had been walking the quarter-deck, sullen and reserved, thinking over some means of escape from his predicament. As his father finished speaking, he turned and gazed intently at the Brooklyn shore. He seemed to see something there.

"Tell me, sir," he said, pointing to a tall pole, with a cross-piece at the top, "what is that?"

"That? Why, that's a gibbet, boy."

"And they hang spies there, is it not so?" asked Everard.

"Yes," said John Barbour. "The last they hung was a fellow called Hale, that Washington sent out to spy on Howe's lines."

"Nathan Hale?" asked Everard, with a strange glitter in his eye.

"Ay, I believe so. Why do you ask?"

"No matter, sir," said Everard. "I have taken my resolve. Do with me as you will. I will join the British army if you wish."

John Barbour started back in surprise one minute, and then he wrung his son's hand warmly.

"I knew it, my boy," said the obstinate old Tory, choking with joy. "I thought you couldn't come here and see the good old flag of your king waving over his country, without your heart warming to it. Everard, you shall never repent it. Sir Henry Clinton has promised you a commission in the finest corps of soldiers on this continent, the glorious Queen's Rangers of gallant Simcoe. How do you like that, my lad?"

"It will do as well as any thing, I suppose, sir," said Everard, indifferently. "When a man turns traitor, it makes but little difference where he goes. You have your pleasure now. Do with me as you will."

"Then go down-stairs and get off that ugly dress that makes you look like a yellow bird," said John Barbour, sarcastically.

We call the men who wear it *traitors*, not those who come back to their duty at last. I tell you, sir, I am proud of my work so far. See that your obstinate folly does not make me repent I took the trouble. Go and dress, sir."

Everard turned on his heel, and went below, a strange expression, of determination to do some deed especially hateful, impressed on his countenance.

"I will do it," he muttered to himself, below. "I have been the victim of fraud, and with fraud will I repay it. General, look to yourself. I have believed in you for a long time. Now I have found you out. *The world shall soon.*"

Slowly he stripped off his uniform coat, and kissed the solitary epaulet sadly, as if in farewell.

"I can not wear the colors of freedom," he said. "Then what matter what else I do wear? Let it be black, for my soul is in mourning."

He opened his valise, and took out a dark velvet suit, such as might be worn by any gentleman in those days, and in a short time was transformed from a Continental officer to a plain civilian.

He came on deck, to be warmly greeted by his father, and find the vessel to be near Governor's Island, while boats were pulling out to meet her from many places.

Inside of an hour they were safely moored close to the green slopes of the Battery, and Everard found himself entering the quarters of the enemy, arm in arm with his father. Every thing looked novel and exciting to him, the scarlet uniforms of the soldiers on guard at the quarters of the different superior officers, the British flag, which he had last seen wrapped in the smoke of battle, floating peacefully from the flag-staff on Fort George, which stood just where the Produce Exchange stands now.

His father seemed to be well known to every one, for he was met with familiar greetings at every corner, and Everard had noticed before that no interruptions from guards or custom officers had taken place since their entering the harbor.

They went up Broadway till they approached Wall street, then the home of the ultra fashionables of New York, down which John Barbour turned. He had not resumed the swagger which he had put on at Philadelphia, at the time he first met his son after their year's separation. John had put on all his fine clothes, and flourished a clouded cane with all the airs of a Macaroni or dandy of those days.

They turned down Wall street, and very soon stopped at a large brick house, at the door of which the elder Barbour knocked.

It was opened by a servant, who seemed to think it was all right, for he ushered them in without a word; and Everard found himself, in a little more, standing in a large drawing-room, face to face with Charlotte Lucy!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 127.)

Eccentricities of Great Men.—The greatest men are very often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we knew something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side, in that way, he was liable to the cramp.

Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt-court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schybel lectures, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

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MY CHILDHOOD.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Ah, dear, I never can forget
My childhood's early days,
When innocence was on my brow—
Molasses on my face.

I gathered pleasure day by day,
Yet I improved my mind.
By turning over wisdom's page—
And riding on behind.

Bright over me in gladness shone
The sun that never swerves,
While my feet were in duty's path—
My hands in the preserves.

I lived within the present then;
I thought 'twould never cease;
And every hour I slipped delight—
And stoned old Jones' geese.

Time rested lightly on my head,
And I at ease could scoff,
For oh, I had the kindest home—
The mumps, and whooping cough.

Bright dreams enhanced my slumbers then
Of all things fair and good,
I built my castle in the clouds—
But mostly in the mud.

The early playmates of my youth
Their memory never dies;
How firm together did we cling—
And gouge each other's eyes!

A Green Hand.

BY LAUNCE POINTEZ.

MANY a boy thinks of the life of a sailor as one full of pleasure and excitement, and longs to go to sea. Especially is this the case in times of peace, when every thing on land seems so tame, and all the adventures to be met with are found in the paths of commerce in the great ocean.

At such times all the wild boys that get a chance go to sea, and many of them find out, only too soon, that it's a hard, hard life.

I was brought up to it, and didn't mind the hardships. My father and grandfather, with all their ancestors, since the settlement of Massachusetts, had been sailors, bred up in the best of schools, the Nantucket whaling fleet. I furling the main-ropes before I was twelve years old, and at twenty-five I was second-mate aboard the ship *Nightingale*, on the Liverpool liners, when we took young William Barlow as a green hand.

William was a tall, stout young fellow, good-looking, active and obliging, but, as soon as he came aboard, our chief mate, a man named Grubb, seemed to take a violent dislike to him.

Grubb was a coarse, ill-conditioned man, very brutal and domineering to the sailors, and universally hated. Even the captain didn't seem to like him much, and never spoke to him except on duty, but Grubb was a first-class sailor, and even the worst grumblers among the men admitted that he knew what he was about.

We had a splendid crew that voyage, the only green hand aboard being young Barlow, and on him it seemed all the ill-humor of the mate found an especial pleasure in venting itself. It so happened that William had the same name as the senior partner in the house our vessel belonged to, and we in the fore-cabin used to joke him about it, and ask him to get his uncle, old Ezra Barlow, to give us better grub.

Now Grubb heard this, and didn't take it as a joke, as we meant it. He took it into his head that we were grumbling about him, and he vowed vengeance upon all of us, especially on young Barlow, who was quite innocent.

"I'll give your uncle's nephew enough to do, my lad," he said to him. "I'll make you wish you'd shipped in some other name. I'll be a good enough Grubb for you, while you last."

And he kept his word, in the cruel sense in which he had meant. From the day we left New York, young Barlow was subjected to a series of petty persecutions that often made my blood boil, by the tyrannical chief mate.

The young fellow had never been to sea before in his life, and consequently he was very sea sick, but Grubb got him on his watch, and made him work, sick or well. I used often to see him slung out under the bowsprit, with the heavy head-seas dashing over him, scraping the ship's bows, a thing I never saw before out at sea.

Grubb gave him all the hard work he could, and when there was nothing else to do, he'd set him at coiling all the ropes on deck, man-of-war style.

Barlow did better than I expected he would under these persecutions. He was a very good-tempered fellow, with a stout, healthy frame, and very anxious to learn all he could of seamanship.

"Never mind, Coffin," he said to me once. "I know that he means it for ill-nature. I'm learning all the time, you know, and the more hard work he gives me, the more I learn of seamanship. Some day I shall command a vessel of my own, and then I may want Grubb for a mate myself. I'd show him, then, the difference between a gentleman and a brute."

Nothing Grubb could do seemed to anger him, and really the cheerfulness and good will with which he obeyed the surly orders of the mate would have softened any one else. I should have thought. But Grubb was cross-grained as an old locust log, and nothing Barlow did pleased him.

So things went on for some days. The mate had never yet struck Barlow, not from want of will, but because the latter never gave him an opportunity. He was always too prompt in obeying orders. Our skipper was a good sort of man, too, and as long as he was on deck never allowed any brutality toward the men.

At last, when about three weeks out, we sighted the coast of Ireland, and began to indulge in hopes of a remarkably short voyage, in which we were doomed to disappointment.

Toward evening the wind chopped round, and came howling over the sea in a cold, biting gale from the east, against which we could not make a foot of headway, and were kept beating up and down outside of that Irish coast, a strong current sending us further and further every day.

At last the skipper got disgusted, wore ship, and stood off to the south, hoping to catch a different wind on the southern track of the steamers. Sure enough, when we'd run about two or three hundred miles, we met a southwester, which took us safely into the Chops of the Channel at last.

It was here that Grubb's ill-humor at last ended in personal attack on poor innocent Will Barlow, which came near costing the latter his life.

The skipper was below in his berth at the time, dog-tired from his work of the last three days, when he had hardly slept a

wink. It was toward the end of Grubb's watch, and I had just come on deck to get ready for mine, when I heard Grubb's surly voice, with a volley of oaths to season it, shouting:

"You, Bill Barlow, you lazy, good-for-nothing lubber, why haven't you coiled that clew line properly? I'll teach you to come aboard with your own names and landsman's airs, coming the sea-lawyer's games over me, curse you!"

And then I saw Grubb give a kick to a mass of rope at the edge of the round-house and send the end flying into the waists.

"Now, curse you, go to work and coil that rope properly, sir," he continued, as Barlow came up to him, and the mate shook his fist in his face.

Now most men would have looked a little sulky at such a style of ordering, but Barlow seemed to be quite unmoved.

He simply touched his hat with a smile, and said:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What the devil are you grinning at, you green-faced baboon?" demanded the mate, savagely.

He seemed to be dreadfully irritated by the other's smile.

"Nothing, sir," said Barlow, civilly. But the soft answer did not turn away the mate's wrath in this instance.

"I'll teach you to grin at me, you infernal, land-loading, lantern-jawed baboon!" he roared: and before I could clearly make out what was the matter, he had knocked poor Barlow down with his brawny fist, on the deck at the foot of the mizen-mast.

"Grin at me, will you?" he bellowed a second time, as Barlow, now at last roused to resistance, looked angrily up, and scrambled half to his feet.

"Take that, ye worthless loafer!" and at the same moment he gave the poor fellow a violent kick in the side, that sent him again to the deck.

"Mr. Grubb! Mr. Grubb! For God's sake don't kill me!" was all the poor young fellow could utter, as the mate, seemingly roused to frenzy, lifted up his heavy boot again and let it drive with all his force into Barlow's chest and stomach.

I was thoroughly horrified, for the blood



A GREEN HAND.

gushed out of the poor fellow's mouth and he rolled over on his face with a low groan, and lay writhing there. I ran up the round-house ladder in a hurry, I tell you, just in time to stop Grubb from kicking him again.

In those days I was pretty mortal strong, boys, and I had no cause to fear Grubb, as I was the next officer.

"See here, Grubb, leave him alone," I said, pushing the brute back. "I saw all this, and I shall tell the captain what I saw."

"What do you mean by interfering between me and the men, Coffin?" he asked, sulkily. "That fellow's manner's been insolent ever since he came aboard, curse him, and now I've paid him off!"

But the noise had roused up the skipper, and he came out of the cabin in a hurry to know what was the matter.

"It's that Bill Barlow giving me sarce," said Grubb, instantly. "I guess he won't give me no more, though. I've settled his hash."

"Captain Rogers," said I, "I don't often interfere between superior officers, but I saw this whole disturbance, and I'll answer, sir, that Barlow did not say a single violent word, while Mr. Grubb knocked him down and stamped on him, without any provocation."

The skipper looked puzzled and annoyed. A row between officers, in which one has to be blamed, is always disagreeable to a captain.

"Mr. Grubb," he said, in a low tone, "this is too bad. You must not be so brutal to the men."

He turned to Barlow, who still lay on the deck, but had stopped writhing.

"Barlow," he said, "get up and go to your berth."

Barlow made no answer or movement. I shook him and then we discovered that he was senseless.

Mohenesto:
OR,
Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

VI.—Guide Across the Mountains.—The Cockney Englishmen.—Our Reception among the Teton Sioux.—Prairie Dogs.—Their Villages and Habits.—The Burrowing Owl.—Where They Live.—Rattlesnakes.—Antidote for the Bite.—Practice what you Preach.—John Bull on the Retreat.—Two Sides to a Story.—To the Columbia and back.—Small-pox Among the Indians.—Treatment of it.—Leaving the Sioux.

In the spring of 1850 I engaged with a party of English gentlemen to guide them

from Fort Union to Walla-Walla, from whence they were to proceed to Astoria, and thence down the coast to Sacramento.

The party consisted of thirteen, besides the cook, five servants and myself; twenty persons in all—well mounted and well armed. They were traveling for pleasure alone, and consequently were in no hurry; and, as they paid me well for my services, I did not care how much time they consumed in making the trip.

One of the party was a regular Cockney, who expressed himself as thoroughly disgusted with the "blasted country," and every night would wish himself back in "Hold Hingland."

He may have been a real lord in his own country for aught I know, but to me he seemed a pretty fair illustration of

"How much the dance who has been sent to roam,
Exceeds the dance who has been kept at home."

He had not as yet seen any Indians, with the exception of a few dirty specimens about the forts, and he was continually bragging of the exploits he would perform, should we meet with a hostile party.

I resolved to take some of the conceit out of him, should occasion ever offer, and thus furnish him a chapter in the book which he was to write as soon as he got "ome," of "America as it is." He was not a favorite with any of the party, and I could never imagine what circumstances could have induced them to take him into their company.

I decided to take a new route, which would lead us through the best hunting-grounds in the world, and also through the country of the Tetons, from whom I had run away. I felt an uncontrollable desire to see my old friends, especially my Indian wife, and concluded I would remain with them after I had completed the job on hand.

The scenery of the portion of Montana through which we passed was romantic and beautiful. Crossing a long stretch of prairie, we came upon a prairie-dog village, the first that the Englishmen had ever seen. A thousand heads were popping up above their houses as we rode along; and for the sake of the fun, I made a wager with the "Cockney" that he could not kill one of them. He was a boastful disciple of Nim-

quainted with an owl to which none of these associations can belong: a bird that, so far from seeking refuge in the ruined habitations of man, fixes its residence within the earth; and instead of concealing itself in solitary recesses of the forest, delights to dwell on open plains, in company with animals remarkable for their social disposition, neatness and order. Instead of sailing heavily forth in the obscurity of the evening twilight, and then retreating to mope the intervening hours, our owl enjoys the broadest glare of the noontide sun, and flying rapidly along, searches for food or pleasures during the cheerful light of day.

In the trans-Mississippi territories, the burrowing owl resides exclusively in the villages of the marmot or prairie-dog, whose excavations are so commodious as to render it unnecessary that our bird should dig for himself, as he is said to do in other parts of the world, where no burrowing animals exist. The entrance to his hole is placed either at the top or on the side, and the whole mound is beaten down externally, resembling a much-used footpath.

From the entrance the passage into the mound descends vertically for one or two feet, and is thence continued obliquely downward, until it terminates in an apartment, within which the industrious marmot constructs, on the approach of the cold season, the comfortable cell for his winter's sleep. This cell, which is composed of fine dry grass, is globular in form, with an opening at the top capable of admitting the finger; and the whole is so firmly compacted that it might, without injury, be rolled over the floor.

In all the prairie-dog villages the burrowing owl is seen moving briskly about, or else in small flocks scattered among the mounds, and at a distance it may be mistaken for the marmot itself when sitting erect. They manifest but little timidity, and allow themselves to be approached sufficiently close for shooting; but, if alarmed, some or all of them soar away and settle down again at a short distance; if further disturbed, their flight is continued until they are no longer in view, or they descend into their dwellings, whence they are difficult to dislodge.

this country, I have entirely neglected my English party.

After a long trip, during which our party had enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in hunting buffalo, antelope, and mountain sheep, we arrived at the Indian village I had deserted so long before.

A welcome was extended to the whole party, while my own reception was such as would be accorded to a friend whom we have supposed to be dead, but who appears after long years, again to mingle his life with ours. The following three days were devoted by the whole village to feasting and rejoicing, to the infinite amusement of the Englishmen, who thus obtained their first view of social life among the Indians.

The old chief was as glad to see me as if I had been an owl, while my little squaw was perfectly overjoyed; laughing and crying by turns. I did not suppose there was any person living to whom my going or coming could possibly be of any interest, and, for the first time in many years, I felt the pleasure of knowing that I was loved; and that love seemed precious to me, even though it came from a poor Indian girl.

We remained in the village nearly a week before any opportunity occurred to test the courage of the Cockney Englishman, until one morning he took his gun and started out for a hunt. The rest of the party remained in the village, and were well pleased when I told them my plan for testing the courage of their companion.

I took five Indians, and having rigged up in all the paint of a solemn dance, we started after the cockney. He had gone about two miles from the village, and we found him sitting beside a tree smoking his pipe, as only he could.

Making a detour so as to get in front of him, and place him between me and the village, I secreted myself behind a tree, and fitting an arrow to the string, I made the shot. The arrow hit the tree not more than an inch above his head, and stuck there quivering. It was a thoughtless shot, indeed, for a slight depression would have cost him his life; but a miss is as good as a mile, and he started up with an exclamation of alarm, and looked about for the cause.

Stepping from behind the tree, I spoke a few words to him in the Sioux language, which I knew he could not understand, but instead of trying to shoot me, as I supposed he would, he dropped his gun and holding up his hands, exclaimed, "Please, good Mr. Indian, don't shoot!"

He stood trembling, like the arrant coward I knew him to be, when drawing my knife, I gave the war-cry of the Tetons, and sprung toward him. With a yell of terror, he started on a run, leaving his pipe and gun on the ground. He ran well, and when opposite the spot where my Indian allies were concealed, they all discharged their guns in the air, and gave a whoop that would have frightened a more courageous man than he. Another cry of terror, and with accelerated speed he ran for the village, where he arrived out of breath, and nearly out of his wits with fright.

He gave a glowing account of how he had been attacked by at least a hundred Indians; and how he had shot four or five, and finally made his escape, with no loss but his pipe and gun.

We washed the paint from our faces, and returned to the village one at a time, and from different directions, so as not to excite any suspicions in his mind, should he chance to notice any of us.

In the evening I visited the tent of the white men, and listened to the story of the cockney's late battle, which he now told for the twentieth time. I could not help laughing in his face, at the palpable falsehoods he had invented, and he was much offended thereat. I gave my version of the affair, which was received with shouts of laughter by the rest of the party, but a more crestfallen or disgusted Cockney I never saw.

I gave him his pipe and told him where he might find his gun, advising him to be sure and make a chapter in his book. I never heard whether he published his book or not, but from that hour he never spoke to me, or bragged of his bravery in my presence.

The Englishmen were getting tired of the Indian country, so accompanied by twenty Sioux warriors we set out for Walla-Walla, where we arrived in safety. The morning after our arrival, we mounted our horses, and bidding the party good-by, were soon on our return to the village of the Sioux.

During my absence across the mountains, the small-pox had broken out among the tribe. This disease has been the worst enemy with which the Indians of America has had to contend. By terrible experience he has become familiarized with its ravages and has resorted to the most desperate remedies for its cure.

Among many tribes the afflicted are obliged to form camps by themselves; and this left alone, they die by scores. One of their favorite remedies, when the scourge first makes its appearance, is to plunge into the nearest water, by which they think to purify themselves.

This course, however, in reality tends to shorten their existence. When the small-pox rages among the Indians, a most unenviable position is held by their "medicine-man." He is obliged to give a strict account of himself; and if so unfortunate as to lose a chief, or other grand personage, is sure to pay the penalty by parting with his own life. The duties of the medicine-man among the Indians are so much mixed up with witchcraft and jugglery, so completely rude and unfounded as to principle, that it is impossible to define the practice for any useful end.

I had accidentally come into the knowledge of a simple and perfect remedy for the small-pox, and with the simple herbs of the forest can cure the worst case in twenty-four hours. Profiting by my knowledge, I took the place of the discomfited medicine-men, and in less than a week not a case could be found in the village.

I had been with the tribe about six months, when my little wife sickened and died. After this I became so lonesome, and the old feeling of restlessness returned, so that I again left the tribe: this time, however, with the knowledge and consent of all parties. Some day or other, should my life be spared, I shall visit them again, unless the remorseless fate which seems to hang over the race shall have swept them from the face of the earth. Certainly, I shall never find warmer or more true-hearted friends in this world than I have left among the Sioux.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

But, in describing some of the animals of